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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. V. MARCH, 1897. NO. 1.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Professor Saintsbury's recent article in *Blackwood* on "Twenty Years of Reviewing" has resulted in the reviewers once more being reviewed. The *Westminster Gazette* has gone to the pains to gather opinions on the subject of book reviewing from a number of writers supposed to be authorities. Sir Walter Besant waxes eloquent and discusses the matter at great length. But the gem of the "opinions," according to the London *Literary World* of January 5th, is surely that expressed by Mr. Clement K. Shorter. We are willing to believe that the metaphorical language was born in the brain of his interviewer. Here is Mr. Shorter's opinion:

"As to good books being overlooked, I should say there never was a time when this was less likely to happen than nowadays, when the tendency is all the other way—when there is such a desire, I mean, to detect the new-fledged genius and give welcome to the rising sun, that all our geese are swans, and every writer of moderate promise is hailed as a star of the first magnitude. No; the wheels (!) of literary criticism nowadays grind exceeding small, and I think you can be pretty certain that whatever escapes them can hardly be of much account."

The newly fledged genius in the act of hailing the rising sun, with the star of the first magnitude still unretired for the night, and the geese-swans going for a trip on the great wheel of literary criticism, would make a fine illustration for the *Sketch!*

❀

Mr. Levett Yeats, who promised us a new historical novel a year ago, is likely to follow up *The Honour of Savelli* with a short story of about 20,000 words. Mr. Yeats, we believe, has another Italian story in hand, but it is not likely that he will finish it for some time. He is at present in the Punjaub, and the duties of a frontier station leave him very little time for literary work.

❀

Mr. Bret Harte has just written a new poem of the "Truthful James" order, entitled "Free Silver at Angel's."

❀

We learn from a reliable source that the editor of Thoreau, Mr. H. G. O. Blake, who is living at Worcester, Mass., has had long in view the selection and publication of two more volumes of Thoreau's Journal—*Late Spring* and *Late Summer*, which would make the circle of the year complete. It was the hope of Emerson that the whole Journals would some day be printed just as they stand, whether published elsewhere or not, and with all the variety of thought and observation which the entry for a single day might contain. It is not certain that this will be feasible, certainly not for a long time, but there can be little doubt that the purpose of Mr. Blake will take effect, and this before very long. This news will greatly gratify the increasing circle of Thoreau's admirers.

❀

As is well known, the energetic Director of the State Library at Albany, who is also the head of the Library School at that place, is what some people call a "spelling reformer," and in the course of the evolution of his theories he has had at different times a large assortment of variegated views upon this subject. The successive stages of this process have been reflected in the different methods in which he has written his own name, for it has figured in his letters some-

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times as "Dewey," sometimes as "Dewy," and sometimes again as "Dui." This fact, together with others relating to his interesting personality, having become known to his disciples of the Library School, and having been duly pondered with proper solemnity, one of his pupils, a young lady, with that touching confidence in the greatness of her teacher which is always so pleasing to contemplate, not long ago timidly inquired, "Please, sir, did you really write the Douay Bible?"

❀

A meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs was held the other day in Springfield, Mass., and was addressed at considerable length by Professor A. E. Morgan, of Wellesley College. Miss Morgan appears to have taken as her text our remark that the Macmonnies Bacchante was an inappropriate appendage to a great public library, in that its associations suggest nothing but drunkenness and lust. The lady went on to say some very pretty and poetic things about the Bacchic worship, its mystery and its beauty, ladling out also a generous libation of Plato and other bits of antiquity more or less germane, and intended especially for our discomfiture. We must confess that it always gives us a creepy feeling to hear ladies, young or old, skating around on the very thin ice of Hellenic ethical and æsthetical philosophy. We can never, in fact, quite succeed in keeping ourselves down to the safe limits of a University Extension Socrates and a Chautauquan Plato; and we sometimes wonder what would happen if a conscientious lecturer were honestly to expound the real teachings of the cheerful pagan who wrote the *Symposium*. As a matter of fact, all this talk about the "divine wine of Nature" and the "vital impulses" underlying the Bacchic orgy is merely a process of wreathing flowers about a grinning skull; and to be told of the beautiful symbolism of the Floralia, and the spiritual significance of the cults of Isis and Cybele and Aphrodite, and the subtle allegories of the phallic worship, would make a cat laugh. Somehow or other, just at this moment, there comes stealing into our memory the refrain of a song once popular in the music-halls:

"The poor girl didn't know, you know!"

Miss Jane H. Findlater, the author of *The Green Graves of Balgowrie*, has just finished a new story. The scene is laid in the time of Queen Anne, but the novel is not historical.

❀

Mr. Andrew Lang contributes to the February number of *Good Words* an article on Victorian Literature. Browning and Tennyson he pronounces the glories of the Victorian Age. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë are put in the first rank, and Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope in the second. Lytton, Trollope, Reade, and Kingsley are pronounced lacking the touch of immortality, and even about George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë the critic hesitates. Mr. Lang declines to say anything about living authors.

❀

The Robert Louis Stevenson memorial committee recently met in London. It was agreed, we understand, that the memorial should take some form of sculpture, the particular form to be decided by the amount subscribed. Many are in favour of a statue, but it is felt that after Lord Rosebery's strong pronouncement against this there might be a difficulty. No appeal will be made to the public until a pretty complete organisation shall have been formed. It is hoped to raise the sum of £5000.

❀

A collection of poems entitled *A Vintage of Verse*, by Mr. Clarence Urmy, will be published about Easter by Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco.

❀

A lady, writing to the *Critic* from New Albany, Ind., begins to remark:

"In the 'Letter Box' of THE BOOKMAN—which announces itself as, and is currently supposed to endeavour conscientiously to be, 'a literary journal,' etc."

After reading thus far, we are prepared to give a cordial assent to the lady's concluding assertion:

"Next to education in pure patriotism, the great need of this nation is education in choice English."

It is! It is! Especially in the vicinity of New Albany, Ind.

❀

To the February number of *The Temple Magazine*, Dean Farrar contributes a

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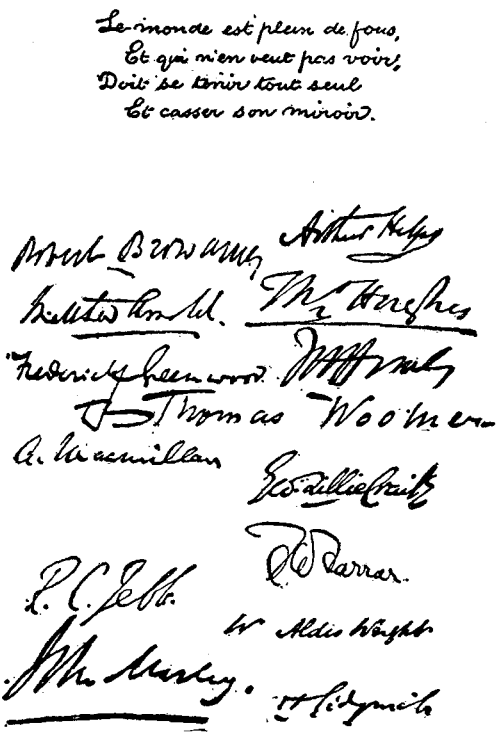


BACK OF THE MENU CARD OF ONE OF MR. MACMILLAN'S DINNERS, WITH AUTOGRAPHS OF THE GUESTS.

second paper on "Men I have Known," which contains reminiscences of the poet Browning. It was at one of the delightful literary dinners which at one time used to be given annually on All Fools' Day by the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan (of the publishing firm of that name), in his house at Balham, that the Dean first met Robert Browning. He still retains the interesting *menu* cards of some of those dinners with the autographs of the guests on the back, one of which we herewith reproduce in facsimile, as well as a letter to Dean Farrar, in which the poet's characteristic gratitude is evoked by an appreciation of his poems which the Dean had written. Of the poem "La Saisaiz" Browning said, "I have here given utterance to some of my deepest convictions about this life and the life to come."

❀

Nothing was more remarkable about Browning in his latter days, when he had passed the threescore years and ten, than his buoyancy and hopefulness of spirit. He did not seem to regard his work as over, but rather that the best was still to come. He cited Æschylus once to prove that the poetical faculties do not die with the approach of age, but that on the contrary they ripen. A young boy can describe a rose, he said, but a man must have lived ripely to shadow forth the human heart. The grand exceptions, Keats and the others, he admitted; but evidently in spite of "Pauline" and "Paracelsus," he could find no explanation of them out of his own experience. During his last years he had a great many more dramas working in his brain than ever took definite shape, but at all events he lived to give us *Asolando*, perhaps one of the finest and clearest expressions of the poet's genius.

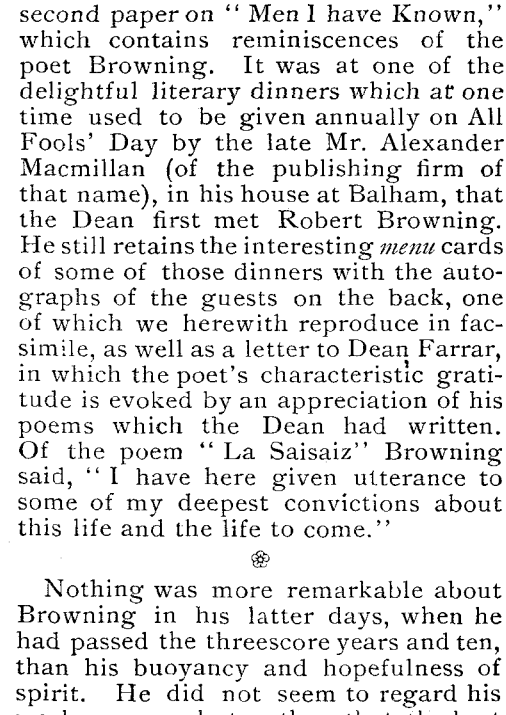
❀

We are able to give some new particulars about Ruskin and Emerson. They met at Oxford some twenty-five years ago, and Ruskin wrote to a friend:

"Emerson came to my rooms a day or two ago. I found his mind a total blank on matters of art, and had a fearful sense of the whole being of him as a gentle cloud—intangible."

Emerson, on his side, said that

"he had seen Ruskin at Oxford, had been charmed by his manner in the lecture-room,



FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM BROWNING.

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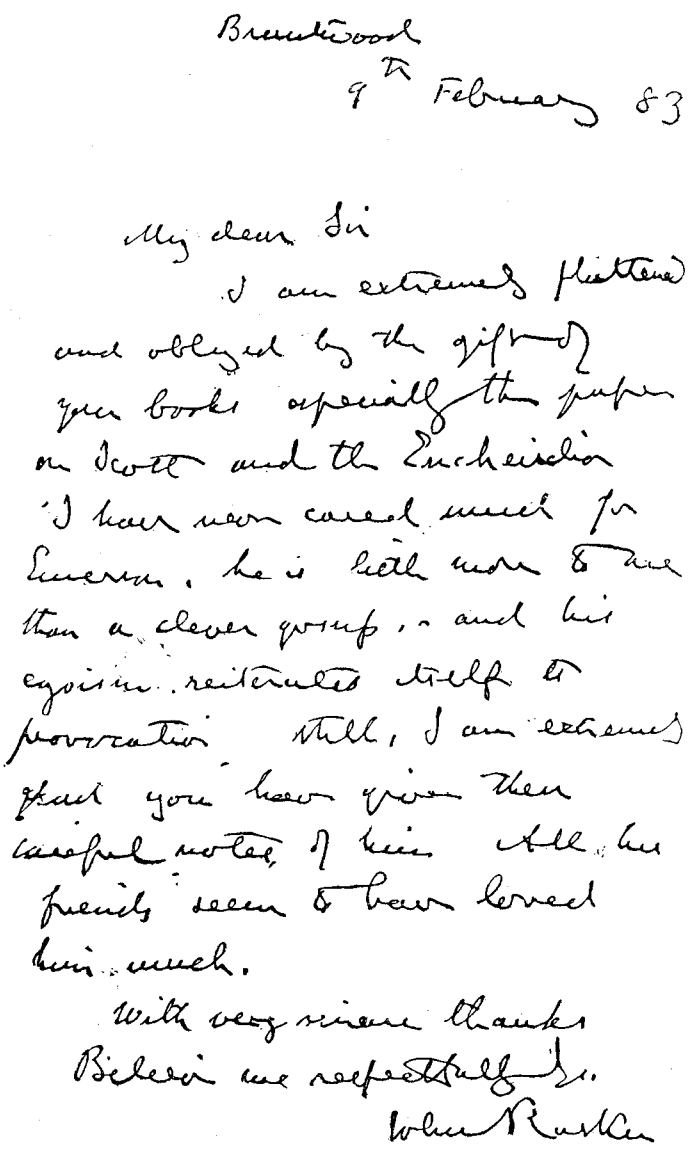

Brantwood
9th February 83

My dear Sir
I am extremely flattered and obliged by the gift of your books especially the paper on Scott and the Encheirdion. I have never cared much for Emerson. he is little more to me than a clever gossip, — and his egoism reiterates itself to provocation. Still, I am extremely glad you have given them careful notes of him. All his friends seem to have loved him much.
With very sincere thanks
Believe me respectfully Yrs.
John Ruskin

but in talking with him at his rooms had found himself wholly out of sympathy with Ruskin's views of life and the world. I wonder such a genius can be possessed by so black a devil. I cannot pardon him for a despondency so deep. It is detestable in a man of such powers, in a poet, a seer such as he has been. Children are right with their everlasting hope. Timon is always inevitably wrong."

In connection with this the accompanying letter from Ruskin on Emerson, reproduced in fac-simile, will be found to be of great literary interest.

❀

Ian Maclaren received recently a copy of a Dutch translation of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and we learn that a German translation is also in preparation. His writings are fast becoming well known in France. M. Coulin, acting editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, will contribute to an early number of the *Revue* an article on Dr. Watson's books. M. Coulin has obtained permission to translate various sketches, and those which he has selected for the *Revue* are "For Conscience's Sake," "Drumsheugh's Love Story," and the "Transformation of Lachlan Campbell." Extracts from *The Upper Room* and *The Mind of the Master*, also translated by M. Coulin, are to appear in the *Revue Chrétienne*.

❀

A correspondent writes us regarding the article on Washington Irving which appeared under the series of "American Bookmen" in our last number, and suggests an incident about Irving that is novel and interesting.

"That Irving was a friend of the Knickerbockers of Schaghticoke is well known; but not, I think, the reason why he adopted himself into the family. While Harmon Knickerbocker, who was presumably upon intimate terms with Irving, was a member of Congress, he had occasion to present Irving to President Madison, and in so doing facetiously introduced him as his 'cousin-german, Diedrich Knickerbocker, from Old Schaghticoke.' Irving was rather taken aback, but the sobriquet so took his fancy that he made use of it as a pen-name when he wrote his famous history of New York, in which he refers several times to his 'cousin the Congressman.'"

❀

We note with a good deal of interest the fact that the three short stories by Guy de Maupassant, which are perhaps the most famous of all his *contes*, have at

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last been published in an English translation by a New York house. The stories in question are *La Maison Tellier*, *L'Héritage*, and *Boule de Suif*. Our interest is due partly to the fact that these three inimitable stories are now for the first time made accessible to the English reader, and partly to the fact that any one has ventured to publish them in the vernacular at all. The translator's work is only fair; but no clumsiness of translation can obscure the perfection of Maupassant's constructive art or hide his fathomless irony and cynicism. It is *Boule de Suif* that Mr. Henry James has styled "a triumph," and he has said that he would rather have written half a page of it than the whole of the well-known introduction to Flaubert's *Letters*.

❀

Every author who has anything human about him likes to receive compliments upon his work; but some compliments are much more gratifying than others, in proportion to their genuine sincerity. We should think that one of the most pleasing of all compliments must be that which Professor Brander Matthews has lately received in the request to permit his *Introduction to American Literature* to be printed in raised letters for the use of the blind.

❀

When Mr. Hamlin Garland begins writing, we always look expectantly for something new and original, and we have never yet been disappointed. So here, in the very first instalment of his life of General Grant, now running in *McClure's Magazine*, we find him broadening out the descriptive resources of those who depict the beauties of natural scenery. He is speaking of West Point; and in the midst of a fine burst, after enumerating the other charms of the scene—the glory of the colour, the shaven green of the lawn, and the snowy twinkle of the tents—he adds, "the ripple of pliant snow-white trousers." We wish that he had called them pants, but this he will probably do when the narrative comes to be published in book form; and then all future rhapsodists, who dwell upon scenes that are not wholly given over to still-life, can find in rippling pants the necessary climax to their cadences. The whole bit of description is, in fact, worthy to be set beside Mr. Garland's other masterpiece—the vivid word-picture in which he has limned that overwhelming scene at a Saturday night symphony-concert where Chicago's chivalry thronged brilliantly about Rose Dutcher, "mainly in dress-suits."

❀

Messrs. George H. Richmond and Company have remitted to Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio from three months' sale of their translation of *The Triumph of Death* the sum of $150—a purely voluntary act on their part, and one that should be to others of the guild a bright example of honourable and conscientious dealing.

❀

It is curious to see how crude a conception many persons entertain of the critic's function. They appear to think that criticism must be either wholesale eulogy or wholesale denunciation, and that the honest reviewer who impartially discerns both an author's merits and his palpable defects must be a shifty and unstable person. In the January number of this magazine we pointed out what appeared to us to be certain limitations in Mr. Kipling's poetry, and at once a swarm of chuckle-headed persons arose to declare that we had obviously "a spite against Kipling." These perfervid individuals should turn back to THE BOOKMAN for December, 1895, and see what was there said about Mr. Kipling's poetical gifts, and about the propriety of his being made Poet Laureate, as representing the genius and imperial spirit of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. In fact, at a time when most of the present adorers of Kipling were puzzling over the question whether or not he was to be taken seriously as a poet, we put on record our enthusiastic admiration of his splendid and stirring lyrical power; just as now, after he has "arrived," we feel entitled to point out impartially that his genius has also some fairly obvious temperamental defects. Yet because we do not choose to be found synchronously yapping with all the little dogs of literature, but prefer to maintain our critical independence, we have Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart, with the rest of the puny pack, biting viciously at our heels.

❀

One odd thing about the Kipling cult

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is the way in which even the greatest admirers of his literary work accept without question the myth that he is personally a disagreeable, bumptious, and mannerless creature, who delights in being gratuitously rude to all who are brought into contact with him. A sillier falsehood than this was never propagated: for no one could be in his private relations more truly modest, unassuming, and courteous than Rudyard Kipling. He has, no doubt, at times offended individuals; but any one who knows the nature of the American Bore and his propensity for thrusting himself upon the attention of all who attain a degree of literary distinction will understand why this should be; for the American Bore, if less swinish than the German Bore and less exasperatingly smug than the British Bore, is more irrepressible and flamboyant than either, and is therefore in many ways a greater nuisance.

❀

The only deflection that we have ever observed on Mr. Kipling's part from the requirements of perfect taste and tact, is to be seen not in his personal bearing, but in that portion of his literary work which records his impressions of America and Americans. Of course we do not think because Mr. Kipling has accepted unstinted hospitality at the hands of Americans, or because Americans have received his work with universal admiration, or because he has made his home in America and taken an American lady for his wife, that his honest criticism of the country and of its people should be one whit the less searching and severe; since the best and truest criticism is absolutely independent of any personal considerations. But we do think that these facts ought to have profoundly modified the tone in which his criticisms have been couched; and that, to say the least, his impressions and observations should have been set forth with the sobriety and courtesy of a gentleman, and not in the supercilious patter of the cockney on a Saturday-to-Monday outing.

❀

The most acute students of Mr. Kipling's prose have, in their esoteric talk, started a new subject of speculation—whether, after all, Mr. Kipling's pictures of India are really accurate, or whether, if we knew the country, we should not find that he has constructed a fictitious India out of his imagination. Some philological caviller asserted not long ago that the names of several of Mr. Kipling's characters are really quite impossible, and cited, as an example, that of our old friend Gunga Din, as involving an incredible linguistic combination; but this person was promptly silenced by a transcript from the Indian pension-rolls on which the name actually occurred. Not long ago we spent an evening with a party of Anglo-Indians at a London club, and during the talk Mr. Kipling and his works were mentioned. It turned out that all the Anglo-Indians present were unfriendly to Mr. Kipling, and they pulled both him and his books to pieces at a great rate; but not one of them even so much as suggested that his descriptions were untrue to life; so that we think this particular theory to be untenable. And, indeed, one might reasonably assert this, anyhow. To give such subtle and convincing impressions as Mr. Kipling has done of an actually existing India is a thing sufficient to place him in the very front rank of literary artists; but to suppose that he could evolve the whole thing out of his inner consciousness is to credit him with a miraculous genius beside which even the creative power of a Shakespeare would suffer by comparison.

❀

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has completed a new short story about 12,000 words in length, to which he has given the title "Slaves of the Lamp."

❀

It is seldom that one who is successful as a poet succeeds equally in prose; but if Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, whom we introduced to our readers in the December number of THE BOOKMAN, can write up to the level of a little sketch by her called "Adam," which appears in the *Outlook* of January 30th, we should like some more. It is a story that Miss Wilkins might be proud to own. Besides having that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, it has a degree of artistic merit that is quite unusual.

❀

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have in the press a new and revised edi-

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tion of Cary s version of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, together with Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation of the *Vita Nuova*, edited by Professor L. Oscar Kuhns, an authority on Dante literature. Professor Kuhns will elucidate the obscure passages with explanatory notes, and will also write an introduction. The book will be handsomely illustrated.

❀

Mr. E. A. Robinson writes thanking us for the "unexpected notice" of his book of poems called *The Torrent and the Night Before* in these columns in the February BOOKMAN. Mr. Robinson adds: "I am sorry to learn that I have painted myself in such lugubrious colours. The world is not a 'prison house,' but a kind of spiritual kindergarten, where millions of bewildered infants are trying to spell God with the wrong blocks."

❀

We grieve to note that Professor Max Müller has polluted his interesting reminiscences in *Cosmopolis* by the use of the execrable word "sermonette;" and here is the *Dial* of Chicago speaking of "essayettes." After that, *ces coquins sont capables de tout!*

❀

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have in the press a posthumous work by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, entitled *The Mount*. It is a narrative of a visit to the site of an ancient Gaulish city on Mont Beuvray, with a description of the neighbouring city of Autun.

❀

Charles Reade once gave a recipe for writing novels to a young novelist now well known. It ran thus: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait."

❀

The dramatisation by Mr. Marion Crawford, assisted by Mr. St. Maur, of the former's novel, *Dr. Claudius*, has at last been produced by the Holland Brothers at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in this city, and has been unanimously damned, alike by the critics and by the general public. This result was what any moderately intelligent person might have predicted. The way in which the decision to make a play out of this particular book was reached can only be described as idiotic. Instead of running over the list of Mr. Crawford's novels, to see which one afforded the most striking dramatic possibilities, a sort of census was taken to discover which of the books had had the largest sales and was most popular with the readers of current fiction; as though the popularity of a book as a book gave any indication whatever of its probable success when made into a play! As a matter of fact, any one with half an eye and the least mite of dramatic feeling can see that of all Mr. Crawford's novels the one that is ideally fitted for the purposes of the stage is *Greifenstein*, which is, indeed, to our mind, by far the most stirring work of fiction that he has ever produced. It fairly bristles with dramatic situations, and an experienced playwright like Mr. Edward Rose, for example, would find the task of evolving a successful drama from it as easy as rolling off a log. There occur to one, at the mere mention of the book, two superbly striking scenes which alone would make the fortune of any play; the first being the German-student duel, where Rex, the unknown and apparently unskilled bookworm, slashes the face of the Rhenish bully; and the second that strange and gloomily powerful situation when the elder Greifenstein and his brother in their talk unexpectedly stumble upon the guilty secret of the woman who sits at the table with them and knows that the revelation dooms her to death. The undercurrent of the supernatural which runs through portions of this book heightens the effect of the whole and gives an impression of weirdness that baffles description. We commend these observations to Mr. Crawford's attention and to the notice of those stage-managers who are seeking for a play that will win an instantaneous and golden success.

❀

The New Amsterdam Book Company will publish immediately in conjunction with Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, of London, a second edition of Huysmans's great novel, *En Route*. An extensive review of this book appeared in THE BOOKMAN when it was first published in England a few months ago, so that we need only refer now to its authorised publication in this country. The same firm will publish shortly the only complete edition of Moltke's *Letters to His Wife*, and a new and cheap edition of the standard

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Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley, by Professor Edward Dowden. A book of decided dramatic interest will be Mr. Clement Scott's *From "The Bells" to "King Arthur,"* giving a critical record of the first-night productions at the Lyceum Theatre, London, illustrated with portraits of Sir Henry Irving in character, scenes from the plays, copies of the play-bills, and a frontispiece photograph of the great English actor. Mr. Scott has a long and interesting career behind him as a dramatic critic in London, and the book is sure to prove at once edifying and entertaining. We notice, too, that the New Amsterdam Book Company is to have a contribution to the discussion of the Transvaal affairs entitled *A Narrative of the Boer War: Its Causes and Results*, by Thomas Fortescue Carter.

❀

The recent facts which the Jameson raid brought to light have stirred Olive Schreiner's indignation; and the barbarous cruelties which the natives of South Africa are suffering at the hands of the English race have inspired her to write a story, much as Mrs. Stowe was moved in her day to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by the atrocities inflicted on the African in America. *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, as the story is called, describes the humanising of a gross, brutal English trooper who is won by the quiet sympathy and reasoning of a Jew to change his old life and to see in the oppressed native a brother man. His whole attitude toward the natives is changed, and finally he sacrifices his life to save one of them. It is written with strong emotion and passionate earnestness, recalling the qualities which made *The Story of an African Farm* so vigorous and powerful an appeal to the human heart. Not the least remarkable thing about the book is the writer's changed attitude toward Christ and Christianity. It will be remembered that in *The Story of an African Farm* the writer's position was that of agnosticism, that she seemed to be groping for light, and that the book had no finality about it. It was written by one in a state of transition, as indeed it could not be otherwise when we recollect that Olive Schreiner was only twenty years of age when *The Story of an African Farm* was published. Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who publish the authorised edition of *The Story of an African Farm* in this country, are also the publishers of *Trooper Peter Halket*. The book will be published by the time this is in the hands of our readers.

❀

There is one fine passage in *The Story of an African Farm*, which we herewith quote. We do not apologise for its length, for it gives the essence of a very wonderful book—wonderful in itself, and something more than wonderful as the production of a girl of twenty. Since Philip James Bailey at the same age completed his first draft of *Festus* there has perhaps been nothing like it:

"'Look at this little chin of mine, Waldo, with the dimple in it. It is but a small part of my person; but though I had a knowledge of all things under the sun, and the wisdom to use it, and the deep loving heart of an angel, it would not stead me through life like this little chin. I can win money with it, I can win love; I can win power with it, I can win fame. What would knowledge help me? The less a woman has in her head the lighter is she for climbing. I once heard our old man say that he never saw intellect help a woman so much as a pretty ankle; and it was the truth. They begin to shape us to our cursed end,' she said, with her lips drawn in to look as though they smiled; 'when we are tiny things in shoes and socks, we sit with our little feet drawn up under us in the window and look out at the boys in their happy play. We want to go. Then a loving hand is laid on us: "Little one, you cannot go," they say, "your little face will burn, and your nice white dress be spoiled." We feel it must be for our good, it is so lovingly said; but we cannot understand, and we kneel still with our little cheek wistfully pressed against the pane. Afterward we go and thread blue beads and make a string for our neck; and we go and stand before the glass. We see the complexion we are not to spoil, and the white frock, and we look into our own great eyes. Then the curse begins to act on us. It finishes its work when we are grown women, who no more look out wistfully at a more healthy life; we are contented.'"

Olive Schreiner (Mrs. Crinwright) was born in South Africa, where she has always lived. Her father was a German, a Lutheran clergyman in Cape Town; her mother was English and the daughter of a Nonconformist preacher who once laboured in the East End of London. The atmosphere in which Miss Schreiner grew up was saturated with theology. The young girl encountered by herself all the claimants for her trust—poets, philosophers, and theologians—and the results of her musings may be found in *The Story of an African Farm*. Her bent was toward physio-

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logical study; but the success of her book and the encouragement of Mr. George Meredith, who saw in her work great promise, led her to devote herself to literature. She has not found it easy to follow up her early and rapid success, and this is not for want of power or for want of diligence, for she must have written what would make several books since then; but she is entirely free from vulgar ambition, and has all the sensitive fastidiousness of the artistic temperament. Rumours have reached us from time to time of a new novel which she wrote some years ago, but which she is still withholding.

❀

The story of how Olive Schreiner was "discovered" is worth repeating. The manuscript of *The Story of an African Farm*, when the author brought it to London, was much longer than it is now, and in various respects different. It was submitted to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and read by Mr. George Meredith, whose reading of manuscripts has always been accompanied, even when a book of merit has been declined by him, with flattering and treasured words of praise. In Miss Schreiner's story he recommended large omissions. When she met him she only knew him as the "reader," and was perhaps not too well pleased with his work on her manuscript. His reception, therefore, was not very cordial. When Miss Schreiner learned that the publishers' reader was no other than the great novelist whose works she had admired in South Africa she probably found means of making it up to him. A later work by her is entitled *Dreams*, also published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, which has gone through numerous editions. In February, 1894, Miss Schreiner married a young colonist. Her political articles to a well-known English magazine a few months ago caused a good deal of comment, and will probably be published in book form later on. The above portrait is taken from her latest photograph.

By permission of Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

❀

Mrs. Craigie is still engaged on her new novel, *The School for Saints*, upon

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which she has been at work for over a year. It was her first intention to make a play of it for Sir Henry Irving, and some talk about this got into the newspapers when the author was here in 1895. But she discarded the idea, and is now working her material into what is likely to be her longest and most important book. The story has a political background, and the late Lord Beaconsfield is said to figure among the characters. It was announced for publication in the spring, but it is doubtful whether it will appear before the autumn. The F. A. Stokes Company will publish the novel in this country.

❀

As being of especial interest in connection with the reported announcement of Mrs. Craigie's engagement to Mr. Walter Spindler, the artist, we reproduce from a former number of our magazine a drawing of the lady made by Mr. Spindler nearly two years ago. It is the face of a brilliant and worldly woman, such as Mrs. Craigie has lately shown herself to be. Friends of ours who have watched her career with interest express themselves as sceptical concerning the issue of her present engagement; for while Mr. Spindler is rich and accomplished, he can hardly minister to the new ambition that has sprung up in the mind of his *fiancée*—an ambition to shine in the world of *la haute politique*. The possession of money by no means fills the measure of Mrs. Craigie's desires, for money in abundance she has always had—her father, Mr. Morgan Richards, having made an enormous fortune through the sale of what is euphemistically mentioned in the press as "a certain proprietary remedy," but which may be more specifically described as liver pills.

❀

Evidences of Mrs. Craigie's desire to exercise a powerful social and political influence have for some time not been wanting. She has mingled very freely in the most influential Tory circles of London, and has in fact been seen so much in the company of Mr. Arthur Balfour as to give rise to sporadic rumours of their engagement; while the recent change in the ownership of the *Academy* is obviously another move in the game: for although the fact, so far as we know, has not been publicly mentioned in connection with the sale of the *Academy*, it is Mrs. Craigie's father who has purchased it, presumably to give his daughter a means of rewarding her literary friends and punishing her enemies. There is really no reason why Mrs. Craigie should not succeed, for she

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has everything in her favour—remarkable beauty, unlimited cleverness, and no end of money.

❀

We think it proper to note here that, from all accounts, a feeling is springing up that in the matter of the divorce suit brought by her against her husband, the latter received something less than even-handed justice. Mr. Craigie has some warm friends, who have stood by him from the first; and through them his side of the case is beginning to make its way into the minds of many who had formerly condemned him. We have heard the whole story of this affair, and while it is not our intention to discuss the matter, we feel warranted in saying that we expect ultimately to see a very decided modification in the opinion that is now so generally held. About one thing, at any rate, there can be no question; and that is the very arbitrary and unjudicial manner in which Sir Francis Jeune, before whom the case was tried, gave all his rulings against the defendant, so as to cut him off almost without a hearing. This, indeed, is a matter of record, and it is by no means creditable to the administration of justice in one, at least, of the English courts.

❀

We have just read *The Forge in the Forest*, an Acadian romance of 1746–47, by Charles G. D. Roberts, a copy of which we received in advance, but not in time to review it in this number. The book will be out about the beginning of the month. Meanwhile, let us give it a hearty welcome and assure our readers that it is a story to shake the torpor from the brain and to keep the soul alive. It is charged with romance, and works like wine. Professor Roberts has given us some excellent verse in his time, besides a volume of nature sketches, and is about to bring out a *History of Canada*; but in *The Forge in the Forest* he has written a story that will repeat itself in our dreams for many a long day. Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, who publish *King Noanett*, are also the fortunate publishers of Professor Roberts's novel. *The Forge in the Forest* is destined to an enviable popularity.

❀

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's delightful appreciation of Mr. A. E. Housman's book of poems, *A Shropshire Lad*, in a recent number of a Chicago journal, has caused a number of readers to make inquiries about the book and its author. It will interest them to know that by arrangement with the English publishers Mr. John Lane will shortly issue an American edition. Mr. Housman, who, strange to say, is a college professor, is a brother of Mr. Laurence Housman, the well-known artist, who has also recently published a volume of poems. *A Shropshire Lad* has been enthusiastically received in England and is likely to have a cordial welcome here.

❀

Messrs. Henry Holt and Company make the interesting announcement that

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LORD BYRON IN 1822.

From a silhouette by Mrs. Leigh Hunt.

they have in preparation a biographical series on The Great Explorers, to be written by well-known writers.

❀

The above silhouette of Byron was cut by Mrs. Leigh Hunt at Pisa in 1822. Byron was wont to sit in this manner in the garden of the Lanfranchi Palace, using the back of a chair for an arm, his body indolently bent, and his face turned slightly upward. His riding dress was a mazarine blue camlet frock with a cape, a velvet cap of the same colour, lined with green, with a gold band and tassel and black visor; his trousers, waistcoat and gaiters were all white and of one material. Evidently Byron, toward the close of his life, cared nothing for his personal appearance!

❀

The *Sketch*, in its issue of January 6th, has a number of interesting and authentic portraits of Byron, from which we have selected four for reproduction. Byron's personal appearance is known to have had a wonderful effect upon the youth of his generation. Macaulay tells us that they bought pictures of him, and did their utmost to resemble him. Lady Blessington, who met Byron for the first time in Genoa in April, 1823, thus records her first impression:

"His head is finely shaped, the forehead open, high and noble. His eyes are gray and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other. The nose is large and well shaped, but, from being a little too thick, it looks better in profile than in front face. His mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending, the lips full and finely cut. In speaking he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin; so much so that his figure has almost a boyish air. His face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill health, as its character is that of fairness—the fairness of a dark-haired person; and his hair, which is getting rapidly gray, is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally; he uses a good deal of oil on it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression."

The portrait by Sanders is taken from a full length (in oils) painted in 1807. Byron thus alludes to it in a letter to his friend Samuel Rogers: "If you think the picture you saw at Murray's worth your acceptance, it is yours; and you may put a *glove* or mask on it if you like." The picture never became the property of Mr. Rogers, and is now in the possession of Lady Dorchester. The portrait of Byron in Albanian dress is a half-length in oils by Phillips. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1814, and called "A Nobleman in the Dress of an Albanian." This portrait is now the property of Byron's grandson, Lord Lovelace. The miniature by Holmes was painted in 1815, that most fatal year in Byron's life, the period of his separation from his wife and exile from his country. This portrait was considered by all who knew Byron to be an excellent likeness. Mr. Edward Trelawny thus alludes to it in one of his letters. "The miniature by Holmes that you have of mine, his sister thought very like, but that no artist of her time could do justice to his (Byron's) expressive face."

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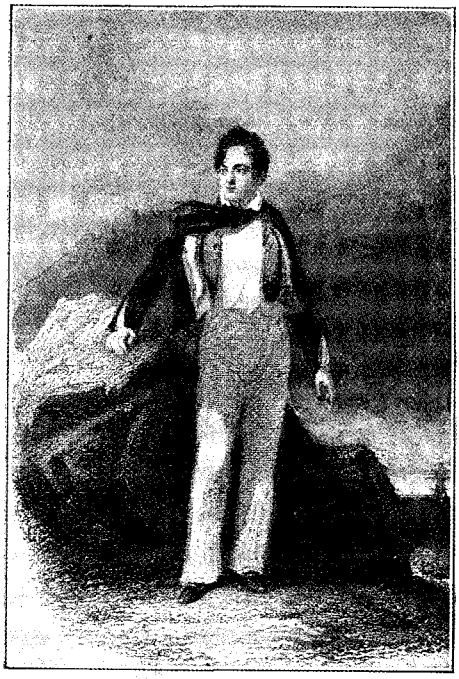

AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.
From an oil painting by G. Sanders.

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.
From a water-color by Gilchrist of Cambridge.

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX, IN ALBANIAN DRESS.
From an oil painting by T. Phillips, R.A.

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN.
From a miniature by G. Holmes.

AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF LORD BYRON.

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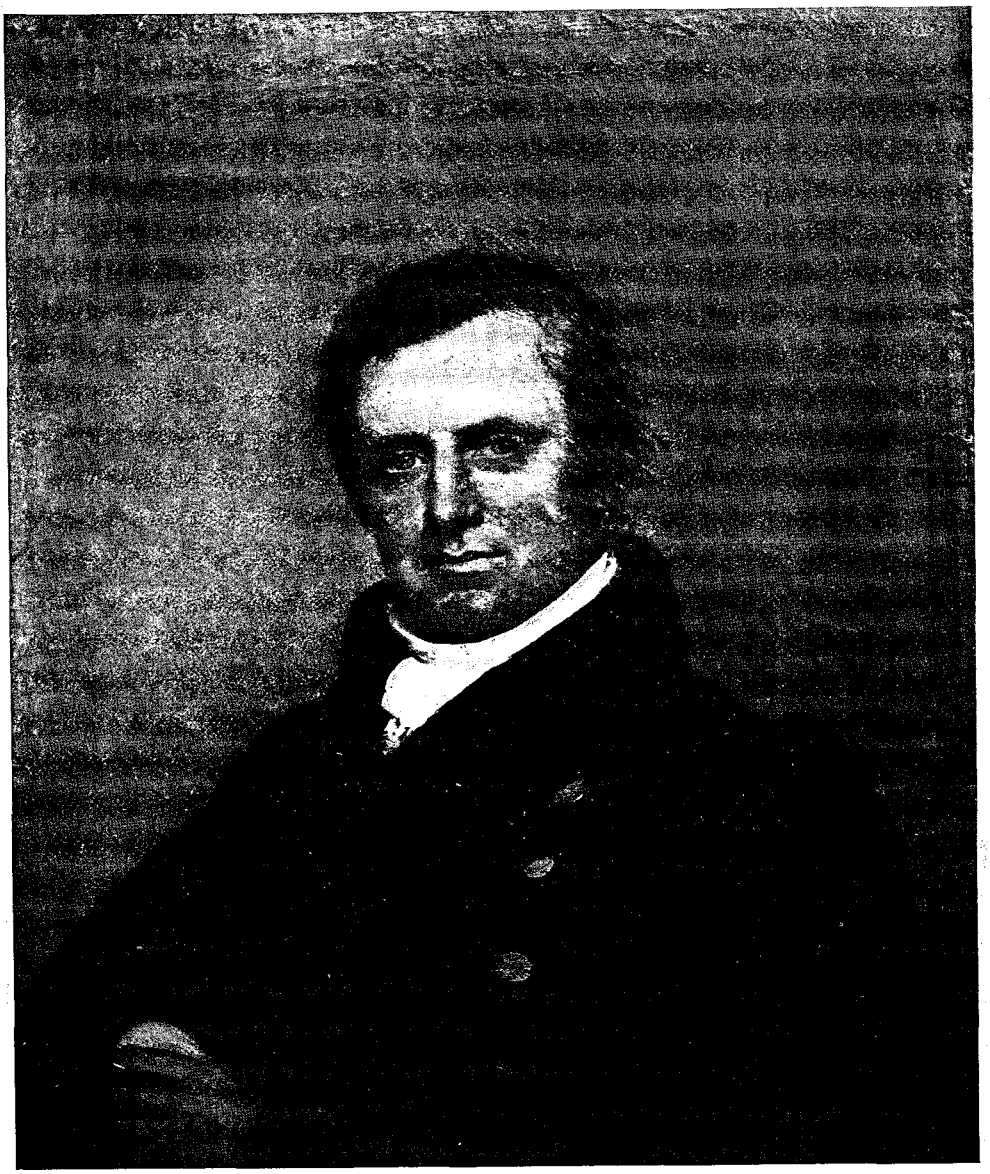

AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

II.—James Fenimore Cooper.

There is no lack of testimony to show that the men of Cooper's own day were his enthusiastic readers. The men of our time have read him, for the greater part, as boys; and the men of the decades immediately to come—that is, the boys of our own households, are principally his readers to-day. Is not this merely another way of saying that the writer who shared with Irving the earliest honours of American literature, in the boyhood of its history, has taken

Note.—The above portrait is from a painting by J. W. Jarvis, representing the novelist at the age of thirty-three, just after he had achieved his first signal success. It was repeatedly declared an excellent likeness, with the exception of the somewhat heavy appearance of the mouth, which did not, in fact, exist.

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his more permanent place as the favourite of boyhood through the generations that follow him ?

Irving is reported late in life to have said of a literary comrade : " He and I were very fortunate in being born so early. We should have no chance now against the battalions of better writers." It is, indeed, hard for us to realise in the present " clash of magazines" and new books how meagre in quantity and quality was the production of American writers before Cooper attained his first successes. Excepting Irving and Bryant, who read his poem, " The Ages," at Cambridge in the year of the appearance of *The Spy*, a list of the writers of the day would be a catalogue of half and quite forgotten names. But it concerns us less to inquire into the precise state of American literature as Cooper found it—a suggestion is enough—than to see what he brought into it.

At the very beginning it may be said that no man ever brought more of himself into the books he wrote than Cooper did. His early training, his later circumstances, his personal weaknesses and strengths all left indelible marks upon the pages of his books. Consequently there is no writer whose life is better worth studying for the light it throws directly upon the productions of his pen.

It was at Burlington, N. J., on September 15th, 1789, that Cooper was born. His father, William Cooper, was of Quaker, English descent ; his mother, Elizabeth Fenimore, of Swedish blood. The Coopers had come from Shakespeare's birthplace in Warwickshire to New Jersey more than a hundred years before the novelist's birth, and as holders of broad tracts of land in the new country had provided their best-known descendant with a well-inherited national feeling. James Cooper, as he was called till the New York Legislature in 1826 made the family name Fenimore-Cooper, in which the hyphen was not long retained, was the eleventh of twelve children. A family in those days was no scanty affair, and when William Cooper, in 1790, transported his establishment from Burlington to the place that was to bear the name of Cooperstown, the cavalcade numbered fifteen persons. In this region, about the headwaters of the Susquehanna, the father of the novelist had recently become possessed of thousands of acres of land, and here, in 1799, he finished the building of his manor-house, Otsego Hall, for a long time the most distinguished private dwelling in or near the Otsego region of New York.

What is now a prosperous farming district was then a wilderness, at least on one side ; for Cooperstown was a veritable frontier settlement. The young Cooper would have been a strangely different person from the hosts of boys whose delight he has been, if the lake and the woods at his very doors had not called him irresistibly to learn all that they had to teach him, and it is easy to believe that his response to the call was eager. His books themselves bear evidence enough that his knowledge and love of the woods came to him at the time when the mind receives its enduring impressions. The life at his father's house through these early years was also full of expanding influences. The conquest of the wilderness and the furtherance of large-minded plans for the future of a new community are not always joined, as they were in the Cooper family, with a domestic life of grace and refinement. The growing town of Judge William Cooper's building drew to itself a population of more than common diversity and strength. At the Hall many distinguished guests found entertainment. Talleyrand was one of them, and reference is often made to an acrostic he is said to have written in honour of the novelist's sister Anna, who was killed in her twenty-third year, 1800, by a fall from a horse. As the lines are not often seen, they are transcribed here from a local history :

" Aimable philosophe au printems de son age,
Ni les tems, ni les lieux n'alterent son esprit ;
Ne cédant qu' à ses gouts, simple et sans étalage,
Au milieu des déserts, elle lit, pense, écrit.

" Cultivez, belle Anna, votre gout pour l'étude ;
On ne saurait ici mieux employer son tems ;
Otsego n'est pas gai—mais tout est habitude ;
Paris vous déplairait fort au premier moment ;
Et qui jouit de soi dans une solitude,
Rentrant au monde, est sur d'en faire l'ornement."

However truly the statesman might have written " *Otsego n'est pas gai*," it was not for gaiety, but for education that the young Cooper left it. His first important schooling was at the hands of the English rector of St. Peter's Church in Albany, whence it is not unlikely that he carried to Yale College the

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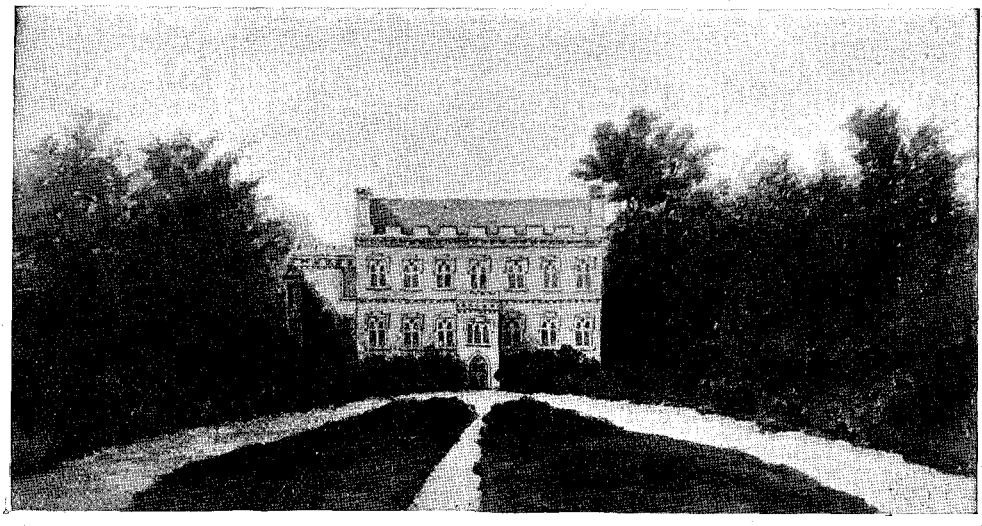

OTSEGO HALL, COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.
By permission, from the photograph of an old picture.

strong preference for the Episcopalian form of worship and Church government, which, with an equally violent feeling against Puritans and New Englanders, he carried through life and into many of his stories. But it was merely a boy's feeling on all subjects that he took to college with him, for he was only thirteen when he entered the Class of 1806 in the second term of its Freshman year, with but one classmate younger than himself. A disposition to see more of the land and waters about New Haven than of his books, and the participation in his Junior year in a frolic which the Faculty considered a weightier offence than his father would have had them think it, put an end to his collegiate life. Judge Cooper, a prominent Federalist and several times a member of Congress, had no difficulty in securing his son's appointment as a midshipman in the navy, and the boy for nearly a year had the training of our naval officers while yet there was no Annapolis Academy—before the mast on a merchantman. On the ship *Sterling* he sailed to London and Gibraltar, and as a quick-minded, active youth won from the sea a species of teaching which served his later purposes as well as his early knowledge of the woods. When his commission, dated January 1st, 1808, made a full-fledged midshipman of him, he saw a few years of service on Lake Ontario and Lake Champlain; but his marriage, in 1811, to Miss De Lancey, a sister of the Bishop of Western New York, divorced him from the sea. In the waters about Hell Gate and Shelter Island, well known to modern yachtsmen, one finds that he sailed enthusiastically for pleasure, as, indeed, throughout his life he betook himself to boats and the woods whenever it was possible.

The seeker for *personalia* touching Cooper's early days must often have thought it the pity of pities that on his death-bed he expressed to his family a wish, naturally regarded as a command, that no biography of him should come from them. Family papers, therefore, have had no such publicity as in many another instance. It was in his family life that the best side of Cooper's nature, as time developed it, was shown, and one can but feel a certain regret that the lips of those who only could reveal his gentler characteristics, and give the world a fair acquaintance with the whole man, have been for the most part sealed. His daughter, Susan Fenimore Cooper, in the introductions she has written for his novels since his death, gives many random glimpses of the loveable qualities of her father; but no complete picture, painted with all the colours that might have entered into it, has ever been drawn. Until Professor Lounsbury's excellent life of Cooper appeared in 1882, there was no more adequate account of his career than that contained in Bryant's memorial oration delivered five months after his death.

One must be content, therefore, with a scanty knowledge of Cooper's earlier

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COOPER'S MOTHER IN THE HALL, OTSEGO.
By permission, from the photograph of an old picture.

days. Random suggestions show his young manhood to have been vigorous and spirited in body and mind. One anecdote, preserved in the annals of Cooperstown, may not be too trivial to repeat. It is probably of the time while Cooper was a midshipman, and at home on a furlough. A foot-race was to be run through certain streets of the village, for the prize of a basket of fruit. While Cooper and his competitor were preparing to start, a little girl stood by full of eagerness for the exciting event. Cooper quickly turned and picked her up in his arms. "I'll carry her with me, and beat you!" he exclaimed, and away they went, Cooper with his laughing burden, the other runner untrammelled. It is almost needless to add that Cooper won the race, else why should the story have been preserved?

Nearly ten years passed between Cooper's marriage and the appearance of his first book. In this time the last thing that he could have said of himself was, "I am a bookman." He was merely a country gentleman, happily married, of domestic tastes, and interested in improving the several places in which successively he lived, in Cooperstown and Westchester County. The inevitable anecdote of the beginning of his literary career is that one day, on finishing an English novel, he put the book down impatiently and told his wife he could write a better story himself. She challenged him to do it, and his first novel, *Precaution*, was the result. Apparently its highest claim to consideration by American readers at the time was that it was thought in England to be the work of an Englishman. The American prophet could hope for little honour unless the mother country accorded it to him.

> "God forbid thou shouldst get in the clutches of Blackwood,
> O Lord! how the wits of Old England would grin!"

are two lines from some verses addressed by one American writer of Cooper's early day to another, and they indicate fairly a deprecatory attitude that was commonly taken.

But it was not for a man of Cooper's individuality to walk long in paths that others had made for him. Such success as *Precaution* attained was sufficient to make his friends spur him on to further exertion, and *The Spy*, published in the

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next year, 1821, was a definite announcement both to English and American readers, who only a year before had seen the completion of Irving's *Sketch Book*, that a new and vital figure had appeared in literature. If this were the fitting place, one could write many pages about the impression the book created at home and abroad, the attempts to identify Harvey Birch with various real persons, the translation of the story into many languages, and the adoption of the principal character by at least a single individual, a French spy, as a model for his own actions.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

From an original drawing published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, as "The Author of *The Spy*," by Colburn and Bentley, London, April 4, 1834.

No time was lost in following up this eminent success. By 1826, Cooper's popular fame was securely established by *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot* (written to show that a truer picture of sea-life than Scott's *Pirate* could be drawn), and *The Last of the Mohicans*. In each of these, as in everything else that he did best, he wrote of the scenes he knew and loved. In his failures, the works in which he was obviously out of his element, he has been well likened to a backwoods landlord of whom Cooper himself told the story. A party of gentlemen, Cooper being one of them, stopped at his inn one night and asked for entertainment. The landlord, dismayed, said he had nothing in his house fit for them to eat. "What have you?" they inquired. "Only venison, pheasant, wild duck, and some fresh fish," he replied. What more could be wished, they asked him; and his answer was that he thought they might want some salt pork. Cooper, as time went on, too often withheld the venison and fish which he might have produced.

But the "salt pork" period of his production did not come for several years more. His popularity was at a high point when, having made literature definitely his employment, he moved with his increasing family to New York City, and entered conspicuously into its best social and intellectual affairs. He was the founder and the life of the Bread and Cheese Club, which brought together every week the cleverest men in the town, and before he sailed to Europe, in 1826, a great dinner in his honour gave memorable evidence of the esteem in which his countrymen held him. Chancellor Kent presided; General Scott, Governor DeWitt Clinton, Charles King, afterwards President of Columbia, and many others of equal note were of the company.

With a family of ten persons, including servants, he moved about Europe for more than seven years, always avoiding hotels and establishing himself in rooms, which were made to seem as much like home as possible. Italy was the country which most won his affections, but France, Germany, Switzerland and England were all seen with an intimacy which gave him some real knowledge of their life. It was during

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this stay abroad that the habit of drawing comparisons of national traits fixed itself upon him. The truth, as he conceived it, was always of the first importance to him, and in his telling of it, in story, exhortation, and controversial writing, often blended into one, he managed by degrees to step on nearly all the toes that came within his reach. With a wider acquaintance with people than most of his countrymen, he naturally became conscious of American shortcomings, and they irritated him. He was no less provoked by the dense European ignorance of American life. It did not reassure him to find a schoolteacher in Dresden genuinely surprised at the discovery that the Cooper children were not blacks. In England he was unable to persuade an elderly scholar of his acquaintance that there was no truth in a certain dictionary definition of the verb *to gouge*, "to squeeze out a man's eye with the thumb; a cruel practice used by the Bostonians in America." In France a more serious matter was the part he took in a controversy about the relative expenses of a republic and a monarchy as forms of government. His position appears to have been patriotic and just, but for some reason it was misunderstood at home, and materially affected his popularity. If Jingoism is a tendency of this day, it was a confirmed habit of that, and one who cared at all for the esteem of fellow-Americans had to be scrupulous, indeed, in venturing remarks that could be construed into an aspersion, however remote, upon the American eagle. Cooper did not care, and consequently estranged many of his countrymen; and readers abroad, finding as many flings at themselves as at Americans, could not regard him with any kinder feeling.

Yet it would be unfair to leave the impression that Cooper's European days were devoted to conflict. There is constantly the fair background of his family life, the sharing of all his pleasures with those he loved, the leaving of an unfinished page to join in a game of backgammon or chess or to play with his children. There are glimpses of high friendships, such as that with Lafayette. There is the meeting in Paris with Sir Walter Scott.

"Est ce Monsieur Cooper que j'ai l'honneur de voir?"

"Monsieur je m'appelle Cooper."

"Eh bien, donc, je suis Walter Scott."

A hearty greeting, each to each, ended with Sir Walter's suddenly recollecting himself, and saying, "Well, here have I been *parley vooing* to you in a way to surprise you, no doubt, but these Frenchmen have got my tongue so set to their lingo that I have half forgotten my own language." It is a delight to read of the talk that followed, and worthy of remembrance to find "the American Scott" in these days calling himself a chip from the block of the great romancer, and speaking of Sir Walter as "my sovereign." Nor should it be forgotten that these years in Europe were full of literary achievement. *The Prairie*, *The Red Rover*, and *The Water Witch* were all written during his absence from America, besides four other tales of varying merit and several productions outside the field of fiction. For future use, moreover, Cooper gathered the material for ten volumes of travel published after his return.

It was in 1833 that he set foot again on his native soil, never to leave it. All the growth of New York and much of the development of the country appeared to him a movement in the wrong direction—away from distinction and toward commonplace. A dinner, like the one which marked his departure, was suggested on his return, but feeling or imagining that his countrymen were in no real sympathy with him, he declined the honour. He took up his abode in Cooperstown, renovated Otsego Hall (where before his death seventeen new works of fiction were written), and had the misfortune to enter at once into a controversy with his fellow-townsmen.

Cooper was in the right, and the Cooperstown folk were wrong. They were not the owners, as they thought they were, of Three-Mile Point, a portion of the Cooper property, which they had long used as a pleasure ground. He warned them against trespassing, and they passed resolutions, full of scorn, for "one J. Fenimore Cooper," and denouncing "any man as sycophant who has, or shall, ask permission of James F. Cooper to visit the Point in question." The newspapers took the people's side, and printed false accounts of the difficulty. Cooper demanded their retraction, and when it was not made sued them for libel. The courts upheld his attitude and granted verdicts in his favour. Thereupon the Whig

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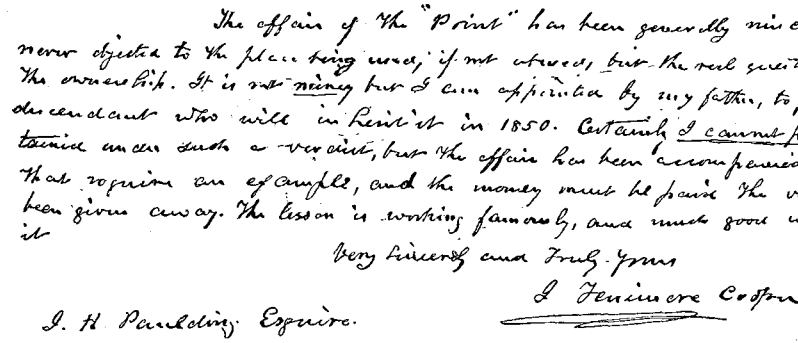

Fac-simile of Cooper's handwriting. Portion of an unpublished letter written in 1839, having reference to the affair of "The Point."

press of the country pounced upon him, and, not forgetful of slurs in his books upon the newspaper fraternity, said every evil thing of him which they could unearth or invent. From the portion of an unpublished letter of 1839, here reproduced in fac-simile, the reader may see not only what manner of handwriting was Cooper's, but how positive were his convictions in the matter of "The Point."

Bryant is said to have heard Cooper tell a story of a disputatious man, who was confronted in argument with the familiar speech, "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny that too," was the reply, "for two and two make twenty-two." Cooper was not wholly unlike that person. Not content with a legal verdict, he injudiciously undertook to have the last word, and to put it into the form of fiction. In 1838 appeared the two novels *Homeward Bound* and *Home as Found*, which attempted to speak this word. They tell the story of an insufferable family of Effinghams who returned from abroad to their American home, and found everything here, especially the newspapers, common and unclean. The Three-Mile Point controversy entered under its very name into the circumstances of the second story, and it was impossible not to identify one of the Effinghams with Cooper himself. He was the sort of a person "whose fine, curvilinear face," as we read on a certain page, "curled even more than usual with contempt." The writer's best friends trembled at the lack of judgment the books revealed. "I think," wrote Greenough, the sculptor, a devoted friend, "you lose hold on the American public by rubbing down their shins with brickbats as you do." In the diary of an unprejudiced person of the time is found the frank declaration that the books were "more worthy of the talents of a silly girl than of the matured genius of the author of *The Spy* and *The Pioneers*." And, indeed, Cooper never brought forth more unmistakable "salt pork."

If the books were injudicious and private opinions unfavourable, the newspapers were shameless in their reviews. They remembered old scores, and did not confine themselves to criticising the stories, but attacked the writer, his motives, and his character. This was more than Cooper could endure, and right and left he began suing the editors for libel. They made light of the trouble at first, but as suit after suit went against them, they were sobered, and, after several years of litigation, silenced. In the trials Cooper was practically his own counsel, and pleaded his cases successfully against the best lawyers of New York State.

No editor who attacked him was too prominent to escape his demand for justice. Thurlow Weed, of the *Albany Journal*, and Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune*, had to pay the piper with their humbler brethren for liberties taken with Cooper's good fame. There is a curious bit in Weed's own account of the time. He tells us that on his way to one of the Cooper trials he picked up a new book to shorten the journey. It "proved to be Mr. Cooper's *Two Admirals*, received from New York that morning. I commenced reading it in the cars, and became so charmed with it that I took it with me into the court-room, and occupied every interval that my attention could be withdrawn from the trial in its

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J. Fenimore Cooper.

From the painting by Chappel.

perusal." Plaintiff and defendant have rarely faced each other under stranger conditions.

Greeley's first offence lay in printing Weed's jocular account of a suit that went against him, and the *Tribune* was promptly brought to book. The humorous pen of its editor soon set every one laughing. "His fun," he wrote of Cooper,

"did seem to us rather inhu-- Hallo there!

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J. Fenimore Cooper

From a Daguerreotype by Brady.

we had like to put our foot right into it again, after all our tuition."

And farther on one reads,

"It seemed to us, considering the present relations of the parties, most ungen— There we go again! We mean to say that the whole of this part of Mr. Cooper's speech grated upon our feelings rather harshly. We believe *that* isn't a libel. (Th's talking with a gag in the mouth is rather awkward at first, but we'll get the hang of it in time. Have patience with us, Fenimore, on one side, and the Public on the other, till we nick it.)"

These unfinished words—it is somewhat difficult of belief — were made the ground for a second suit against Greeley, which seems, however, not to have been pressed to a trial.

The most important suit of all was brought against the New York *Commercial Advertiser* for its review of Cooper's admirable *Naval History*. He had tried to get at the truth about the battle of Lake Erie, and because he did not glorify the popular Commodore Perry at the expense of the unpopular Commodore Elliott, he found himself and his work ruthlessly condemned. He determined to have it shown that he had told truths, his reviewer lies. The case involved too many nice distinctions to be safe in the hands of an ordinary jury, and was entrusted to three eminent referees. There must have been a feeling of relief, by the way, among men liable to be drawn for jury duty, for in a previous case — one of the few, be it said, in which Cooper was not successful — the twelve good men and true had been obliged to listen to the reading aloud of both volumes of *Home as Found*. Be this as it may, the referees heard for five days all that was to be said on each side, and after Cooper's summing up of his own case in a speech of remarkable skill and force, occupying in all eight hours, a verdict was returned setting the historian altogether in the right. It was a distinguished personal victory, possible only to a strong man, who had shown himself the stronger through the very unpopularity of the course he followed to a successful end. This was in 1842, and it practically put an end to the newspaper attacks and suits. It should always be remembered that Cooper brought these suits on questions of truth, not of opinion, questions in which he and not the works of his imagination were involved; and to see the single-handed, sturdy fighter come out of the combat so clearly the winner is one of the spectacles in which the Anglo-Saxon in a man rejoices.

After this period of battle there were nearly ten years of life left to Cooper, and he did not waste them. In the midst of the lawsuits he had written

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The Pathfinder (1840) and *The Deerslayer* (1841), completing, by supplying the first and middle portions, the sequence of stories in which he himself thought his fame had the strongest hope of continuance. Outwardly the last years of his life were uneventful, but they were crowded with literary activity, which, however, failed to restore the popularity that for many reasons had in part deserted him. It would be foolish to suppose that Cooper was indifferent to the success of his writings. As early as 1825 his constant friend, Bryant, wrote to R. H. Dana touching a proposed review of *The Last of the Mohicans:*

"Ah, sir! he is too sensitive a creature for me to touch. He seems to think his own works his own property instead of being the property of the public, to whom he has given them."

It is not surprising, therefore, to find in an unpublished letter of 1841 the frank avowal:

"I have lost most of my interest in this country."

To another correspondent, in a letter also unpublished, he wrote in 1846:

"If I were fifteen years younger I would certainly go abroad and never return. I can say, with Wolsey, 'If I had served my God with half the zeal I've served my *country*,' it would have been better for me."

But whatever changes his fame suffered, the man remained the same through this last portion of his life. Those who knew him best loved him best. Those who knew him and understood him least made most of the faults, which often did not lie far beneath the surface. The outward show and the inner motive are often so remotely related, that it is surely fairer to attach the greater weight, in estimating a man's character, to the testimony of those who are most competent to speak. Let us remember, then, the strength of will and conviction, the loyalty to truth as he saw it—whether "steadily and whole" or not—the affection that gave his domestic life a constant beauty, and let the memory of his aggressiveness, his mistakes of pride and judgment, and whatever else may be unlovely, take care of itself. These may or may not be true estimates. It is a certainty that when Cooper died at Otsego Hall, in 1851, lacking one day of sixty-two years, a personality of extraordinary vigour and distinction was taken from the world, and American letters lost the man through whom American books had won, and perhaps still are winning, a wider dissemination than any other single hand has given them.

It would be idle to attempt assigning to Cooper, the chief prophet of the woods and the sea to thousands of readers in many tongues, his exact place among American writers. It is worth while, however, to recall a few of the impressions Cooper has made upon his fellow-craftsmen. His scanty endowment of humour, whether in fiction or in the conduct of life, prepares one for finding Mark Twain the most violent modern assailant of his "literary offences." The humourist easily provokes a laugh when he says, "Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig;" but it is the fun and not the justice of all that Mark Twain says that makes his attack readable. Others than he, equally worthy of attention, have felt differently. Balzac declares that "if Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." And it was only yesterday that Du Maurier, in *The Martian*, told us of the effect of "Fénimore Coupère" read aloud in French to the school-boys of the tale, and of their delight in "the beloved Bas-de-Cuir with that magic rifle of his, that so seldom missed its mark and never got out of repair."

The strength of a creative artist is unlike that of a chain; it lies in the strongest, not in the weakest link. In Irving's diary, a few weeks before his death, he wrote of Cooper: "In life they judge a writer by his last production; after death by what he has done best." And it is the Cooper of his best works, the Leather Stocking series and the saltest sea tales, that he is and will be remembered. Men forget his failures, as they have forgotten his altercations; but he still speaks that universal language which the young and the people of all lands comprehend, and the boyhood of American literature bids fair, in Cooper's tales, to preserve a long-enduring youth.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of the third paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "William Cullen Bryant." It will appear in the April number.

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LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

I.—Ferdinand Brunetière.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

From a photograph by Eugène Pirou.

Ferdinand Brunetière enjoys at the present time the distinction of being unquestionably the foremost literary critic of France. His pre-eminence among his brother-craftsmen is as universally conceded as Sainte-Beuve's was thirty or forty years ago. In one respect, however, his position is widely different from his illustrious predecessor's. Sainte-Beuve was not only an authority; he was popular. Ferdinand Brunetière is *not* popular, does not claim to be, perhaps does not care to be. Unlike Monsieur Poirier, who did not care to be feared, and was satisfied to be loved, he is, or at least seems to be, satisfied if he is respected and, to a certain extent, feared, and makes certainly no effort to win the love of the crowd. I doubt whether the *odi profanum vulgus et arceo* has ever found a more continuous expression than in the score of volumes that have now come from the pen of the powerful editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

How did Brunetière come to hold such a position before the public? To what extent are the feelings he inspires the same as the feelings he would like to inspire? How much of him is in the past, how much, provided he lives, in the future? These are the questions that have to be answered in this sketch.

The keynote of Brunetière's work is authority. His object is not to tell us what he likes and why he likes it, but what we ought to like; and he enters upon such a work only because he has himself, at great pains and labour, tried to discover what *he* ought to like. From the start he has upheld the theory that there are canons of taste. Just as in life there are pleasures that must be shunned, and other pleasures, too, which, without having to be entirely shunned, are, however, acknowledged to belong to an inferior order, so in literature and art he holds that what attracts us most is

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not necessarily what we must hold to be most beautiful, and that we must educate our taste by means of our critical faculty and try to like most that which we have discovered to be best.

This was the doctrine which was at the base of the first article published by Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* twenty odd years ago, in which he criticised the favour shown by the public to some novelists, Hector Malot among others. Such is the doctrine which he still defends with undiminished vigour; and in this doctrine itself we can find to a certain extent the explanation of the position held by him before and in regard to the public. He is not the critic who is constantly watching for the appearance of new talents, who hails the advent of the new-comer and introduces him to the reading fraternity with a few words of encouragement. His function he conceives to be to warn the public lest they be lured into bestowing their favour upon undeserving beneficiaries. Although he never said it in so many words, it is clear that he would consider it no misfortune if the number of new works were considerably reduced. He is no sympatniser with the craving of so many readers for that which is new, and would consider it a great gain if more of the time spent among books were spent in serious converse with the masterpieces of the past; and this is the reason why, after many battles against contemporary writers who seemed to him somewhat overrated and to a certain extent dangerous, he now prefers, in regard to a great deal that the public applauds, to preserve an attitude of disdainful silence.

Subjective criticism, then—that is, the criticism which aims clearly to explain what the critic himself likes, the criticism therefore in which the critic explains himself perhaps more than he explains the works of which he writes, is the very reverse of what Brunetière requires criticism to be. It is a curious coincidence that has given him as a contemporary the most keenly and delightfully subjective critic that France has ever possessed, Anatole France; no wonder, then, that blows have been given and received by each of the two critics.

Anatole France would like to say, in fact, he has said, that, after all, Brunetière's criticism is as subjective as his own, as any one else's. Where did he learn to distinguish what must be liked from what must not be, unless within himself? What directed him, if not his own instinct, his own nature? The objection is one that is not easily disposed of. Still it must be admitted that it does not overmuch embarrass Brunetière. He appeals to tradition, and when doing so he does not feel that he does, after all, simply follow the bent of his own mind. His position is not unlike that of Boileau in the celebrated *Querelle des Anciens et des Modernes*. For him the ancients are greater because they are ancient, or, rather, they have, by retaining the admiration of men through successive centuries, more clearly established their claim to greatness.

Brunetière, therefore, studies the exemplars of excellence bequeathed to us by the past, and therein tries to discover the nature, the elements of true literary greatness, of real æsthetic beauty. It may, perhaps, be called a real piece of luck in his career that the great masterpieces of the French literature of past ages are what they are. The past for him necessarily consisted, above all, of the masterpieces of the age of Louis XIV. Nothing equal to them had been produced by France in the preceding ages, and these masterpieces rested their claims upon tradition and authority: in religion, the Catholic tradition (in spite of the high intellectuality of the French Protestants of the seventeenth century, not a single great writer appeared among them); in politics, the monarchical traditions; in literature, the classical tradition. Greek poetry was almost as sacred to Racine as the Bible to Bossuet. Had he, instead of Boileau, written an *Art Poëtique*, he would surely have repeated the words of the Roman poet:

"Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

Here, therefore, Brunetière found the most congenial field for study. But even here he discriminates; the more traditional the writer, the higher he places him; his men are Pascal, Racine, Bossuet, rather than Descartes, Corneille, and Molière. But the interest of his articles on the French seventeenth century, and moreover of most of his articles, is not simply due to the compactness and subtlety of his argument. His knowledge and presentation of facts

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give the reader a sense of security which is felt with but very few critics. We feel that we are dealing with a man who knows all that can be known about his subjects and who tells us all he knows.

In fact, for those who speak, or rather write, with insufficient knowledge, he is simply merciless. Those who followed his career can remember how completely he disposed of a work on Montesquieu, which less informed critics had hailed as a remarkable performance. The execution, for such it was, was so complete that the book has now disappeared, and the author, so far as we know, has remained silent ever since —a period of nearly fifteen years—with the result that Brunetière's article itself has ceased to be reprinted in the *Études Critiques*, of which it was originally a part.

Of course it is not always pleasant for the reader of contemporary works to be told, "You had better leave that alone; if you want excellence look at the past." And the writers themselves may well feel some irritation against such a style of criticism. Add to this that Brunetière's manner was in no way calculated to soften the sharpness of his reprimands. Quite the reverse. And the more successful the writer he assailed, the more uncompromising and aggressive his attitude. The whole series of articles on the *Roman Naturaliste* is as severe a dressing down of Émile Zola as can well be imagined, and now that Brunetière is perhaps the most influential member of the French Academy, we are at no great pains to discover who most violently objects to the election of the author of *L'Assommoir*.

This undeniable aggressiveness of Brunetière's nature was intensified as a consequence of his contact with his times. When he appeared, France was filled with an enthusiasm for liberal ideas and progressive tendencies, which owed its existence to the great struggle waged by the republican party against the government of Napoleon III. The old fabric had collapsed in 1870. Love of change, sympathy for novelty, were found everywhere; in many respects the conservatives of 1872 were as fully advanced as the radicals of seventy-five years before. The more eagerly the others looked toward the future, the more determined Brunetière was to turn his eyes toward the past. Most progressive among the divisions of the public mind was the republican party, and this created in Brunetière an intense dislike of that party for its mental attitude toward men and things. He strove to exasperate it. If he spoke of history, he would mention as the greatest historical works in the last centuries Bossuet's *Histoire des Variations*, a book of theological history; Miguel's work on the negotiations relating to the Spanish succession, a very superb collection of diplomatic documents, which is seldom opened by any save professional historical investigators; and the Duc de Broglie's volumes on the diplomatic history of the eighteenth century, whose author, as the head of the royalist party, was most intensely disliked by the republicans; while Michelet, whose popularity was due to his unflinching republicanism no less than to his magical power as a resurrecter of the past, was totally ignored by him. If he spoke of oratory, he remembered how bitter a warfare was waged between the Church and the republicans, and therefore wrote in a footnote that Bossuet was a much greater orator than Demosthenes, because political oratory cannot compare in importance with sacred oratory.

From the foregoing it should not be inferred that Brunetière was himself a royalist, or a strong Catholic. These were simply his means of expressing his dislike of a certain lack of respect toward the past, which was certainly one of the attributes of the French republican party twenty odd years ago. It also sprang from a tendency in Brunetière to draw as sharply as possible the line that divides him from his opponents.

But after all, to praise the past, to belittle the present, this is not an attitude of conspicuous originality, and Brunetière has originality. He is a conservative, but a curious sort of conservative, something like a Lord Randolph Churchill of literature. He is one of the boldest and most receptive of thinkers; his mind is not closed against any sort of truth; but there is no truth for him save in the theories that strongly establish the dependence of the present upon the past. This explains how he became the staunch advocate that he is of the modern doctrine of evolution, which he has boldly attempted to apply to the history of literature, at first some-

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what timidly, in the lectures upon the *Époques du Théâtre Français*, then with absolute openness in his *Évolution des Genres dans l'Histoire de la Littérature*, and especially in his *Évolution de la Poésie Lyrique en France au XIXe Siècle*. He could not go on simply saying that there is no greatness save in the past. Something must be conceded to the present. What? How much? The doctrine which is expounded in Brunetière's recent works is that that is great in the present which is a transformation of what was great in the past. He thus escaped one of the gravest dangers that beset his literary conservatism. If novelty is blamable, if we must follow in the footsteps of the past, why were the so-called *Classiques* of 1810–30 so inferior to the Romanticists? The answer is that the past is not to be imitated; that, moreover, imitation is always somewhat weak, but that its lessons are always to be studied; that in it some germs will always be discovered which, wisely cultivated, will bring forth a brilliant crop of new fruits. One form of literature flourishes at one time, another form in another, but there is a connection between the two; the *genres*, the literary forms which Brunetière all but endows with physical reality, transmute themselves into each other, so that Victor Hugo's poetry is in some respects the legitimate representative and descendant of Bossuet's oratory.

The theory is fascinating in the extreme; it is supported with a heavy mass of admirably selected arguments and quotations. And yet—and yet, it is perhaps not entirely satisfactory. What can we think when in the very vestibule of the edifice we see Béranger ignominiously turned out as undeserving to be called a lyric poet, or perhaps a poet at all?

So much as to the critic; what about the writer? Two things are to be distinguished in Brunetière's style—his vocabulary and his sentence. The former is admirably selected; the words are clear, they are honest, they are used in their traditional meaning, which has caused many superficial observers to say that Brunetière writes in the style of the seventeenth century. His sentence is his own; and we are not entirely sure that it is entirely in keeping with the spirit of the French language; it consists of an attempt to combine compactness and flexibility, and the writer, or rather, perhaps the reader, sometimes pays a high price for the result. The French sentence, the sentence of Pascal and Voltaire, consists almost entirely of nouns and verbs; Brunetière too often seems to prefer conjunctions and prepositions, adjectives and adverbs. The traditional French sentence is so built that it progressively discloses its meaning. Brunetière's too often hides its meaning till the very last words are reached, and until then remains absolutely unintelligible. You are with a guide that grasps you by the hand and makes you follow him blindly, until he suddenly takes out from under his cloak the hidden light and illumines with its radiance every corner as well as the bold outline of the majestic cave.

But will this remain Brunetière's style? We doubt it. Brunetière is comparatively a young man still. He has hardly passed the age at which Sainte-Beuve began his admirable collection of *Lundis*, his surest claim upon the admiration of the public, the work in the slow construction of which he, little by little, and quite late in life, acquired the full mastery of his own style. Why should we not expect such progress from his powerful successor? He has ceased to be simply a writer. He now faces the public and teaches by means of the spoken as well as of the written word, and the laws of oratory require absolute directness of speech. We have no doubt that Brunetière's lectures and speeches, coupled with his desire to become one of the ethical guides of his time, will lead him to adopt a form of expression that will require as little effort from the reader, who keeps the page under his eyes, as from the hearer, whose senses have at their disposal only the utterance of the present moment.

Brunetière now occupies a privileged and commanding position. Since 1886 he teaches the intellectual *élite* of France in the École Normale Supérieure; he is a member of the French Academy; the Sorbonne opens its doors wide to him whenever he chooses to instruct from the professor's chair the public which it attracts; he has under his direction the most authoritative periodical in the world; his debt to the public, when measured by his responsibilities, is of the greatest. We are confident that it will not remain unpaid.

Adolphe Cohn.

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I.

This is a practical age and it longs for a practical poet,
One who will sing of the themes that are hot in the hearts of the toilers,
Sing for the Utilitarians, sing for the Makers of Money.

Not in verses effeminate, honeyed with fanciful phrases,
Neat little nerveless lines that trickle in triolet measure,
Roses and wreaths and raptures and love and lullaby-baby!
He who pipes to the Age these songs of patches and powder,
Wrapping some quaint conceit in verses pretty and pliant,
Proffers poetical pap to a grim, carnivorous giant.
No! but in good strong Saxon smacking of vim and of vigour,
Rough sledgehammering lines that smite like strokes on an anvil,
Sing of the coarse and the crude, but wrench the heart of the hearer!

II.

Where shall he seek for a theme who sings to the Men of the Present?
Where? when the world is full of themes that are waiting a singer?
Open your window and look,—then write, O pitiful poet!
Ay, but mark you only what all have seen and are seeing,
Things that appeal to the touch and the taste and the sight and the hearing,
Things that are common, ubiquitous, far from the quaint and the cryptic.

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Not those sights unseen that only the eye of the artist
Views in a marvellous radiance born of the intellect's brooding,
Clothed with a beauty celestial and robed in an infinite splendour,
Flashed on the rapturous vision—lost in the moment of seeing ;
Not those songs unsung whose faint melodious music
Thrills with a heavenly note in the sensitive soul of the poet,
Swelling, falling, dying—lost in the moment of hearing.

But if you tell of the country, avoid the unduly romantic,—
Rivulets rifting the hills in shafts of quivering silver,
Blossoms that bower the earth with snows of odorous beauty—
These have been done to death, their scent will sicken the reader.
Rather remember the muck that reeks in the redolent barn-yard,
Picture the loves of the bull, or holding fast to the human,
Limn the sweating ploughman cursing his team in the furrow,
Munching his bread and cheese at noon and woundily snorting
Jests of unsavoury strength to the blowsy, snickering scullion.

Or if you tell of the town, what a field for the bard dithyrambic !
Palaces reared in pride that have watched that pride's dissolution,
Dens where the heart of man grows foul with lust and corruption,
Hovels where misery crouches in dull unmurmuring squalor,
Gaunt black-chimneyed factories, looms and clattering spindles
Spinning wealth for their lords and dank disease for the toilers,—
Every street is a cycle and every house is an epic !
Calmly it views each day humanity's pitiless struggle,
Ay, and its walls have echoed to every note of the gamut,
Joy with its infinite gladness and woe with its drear lamentation ;
Words of hope to the bride and mirthful ripples of laughter,
Words of despair that are wrung from the breaking heart of the mourner
Bending, shaken with sobs by the side of the cavernous coffin—
Oh, if ye had but a voice, what a poem of pain and of passion
Ye could pour into words, ye walls of the homeless city,
Grim grey walls that remember but never reveal the remembrance !

Or if you tell as others have done of the beauty of women,
Tune the string no more to the note that has echoed for ages.
Long have the poets pictured the lithe-limbed languorous maiden,
One who dreams where myrtles droop in the amorous starlight,
Lulled by the lover's lute and the drowsy plash of the fountain ;
One whose passionate eyes and voice that is ever caressing
Quicken the pulse of man with the soft shy thrill of desire,—
Far too long has she reigned, this child of poetical fancy !
Ye who seek for applause from a matter-of-fact generation
Follow for once and all the curious cult of the Ugly.
Turn to the bold-faced jig who, cased in follicular bloomers,
Straddles the wind-puffed wheel ; to the nymphs who are loved by the coster,
Smut-faced factory-girls with voices husky and raucous,
Hair soot-sifted, hands black-nailed and roughened and warty—
These be the poet's theme,—and the hot-lipp'd hiccoughing harlot.

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But if they soothly speak who say in their practical fashion,
" He is the greatest poet who sings to the greatest of numbers,"
(Lo, the norm democratic applied to the things of the spirit !)
Why not pass from out the leading-strings of the tyro,
Straight to the theme that stirs all hearts with anticipation,
Pass to the ultimate reason, the motive-power, the mainspring,
On to the First Great Cause of all humanity's labours ?
Telling of that which holds the keys of Hell and of Heaven,
Sets the lips athirst, invokes irresistible power,
Moves by its magic touch ten million quivering spindles,
Scars the incredulous earth with the iron symbols of progress,
Spans the impetuous river, restrains the thundering torrent,
Flecks with fleets the tumultuous breast of the billowy ocean,
Bids great cities arise in the heart of the dolorous desert,—
Money the bane and the blessing, Money the god and the demon !

Money in all its forms and in all its representations—
Gold and silver and bronze and clinking copper and nickel :
Eagles and dollars, doubloons and broad satisfactory guineas,
Turkish piastres and Spanish pesetas and francs and Austrian florins,
Annas and taels and yen and marks and Muscovite roubles,
Öre and lire and thalers and stuivers and drachmas and milreis—
Lakhs of it, stacks of it, piles of it, mounds of it, heaps of it, hills of it !
Ay, and the promise of paper that crisply and cunningly crackles,
Greenish or brown or blue or white or pleasantly purple,
Packed into neat little squares or rudely rammed into bundles,
Great fat sweltering wads that bulge with an opulent bigness.
Call it by numerous names, transmute it or mint it or melt it,
Still supreme will it sway the world and its wallowing millions,
Still will it master the minds of men while he who beholds it
Sees in its depths whatever responds to the cry of his yearning.
Health to the sick, and ease to the toiler, and hope to the hopeless,
Power and place and favour and fame and glory and grandeur
Come at its beck. It smites the golden portals of pleasure,
Flinging with wanton hand an endless shower of roses ;
While in the gleaming goblet the dark red wine as it mantles
Guides the leering eye to a long voluptuous vista
Filled with a dusky light and forms that mistily floating
Weave and wind and whisper the words of passionate promise,—
Beautiful eyes that burn, and slim white fingers that beckon,
Twining arms, and lips that lure with lingering kisses.

III.

Ruled there once in the Rome of eld an emperor youthful,
New to the passion of power. His courtiers fawningly told him :
" Lord art thou of all ; the earth is thine and its peoples.
Far in the savage North the painted barbarous Briton
Bows when he hears thy name, and the skin-clad chiefs of the Getæ
Sledding the frozen Ister ; the swart Numidian hunter
Calls unto thee as a god ; in the grim Hyrcanian desert,

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Lair of the tawny tiger, the roving Scythian nomads
Tell of thee at night when the camp-fires flame in the darkness.
All are thine, O Cæsar !"

The emperor languidly listened ;
Then, at the end, he said : " This tale of all my dominions
Well do I know. Each day men prate and sing and recite it,
Soldiers and senators, sages and crack-brained clamorous poets.
'Tis but a babble of words. Now mark the hest that I give you :
Tell me the tale no more, but show me the truth of it plainly.
Have I the power of a god ? Mehercle ! let me behold it.
Set it before my eyes to know it and see it and feel it !"

Swiftly the word of command sped forth by the fleet viatores.
Then in the Martian Field with a sound of clangorous music
Stood the magnificent host of Rome's imperial legions
Far as the eye could reach, in multitudinous columns,
Rank on rank and troop on troop. Their glittering standards
Swayed and tossed and blazed in the glare of the pitiless sunlight
Over the spears ; and the plumes of the bronze-tipped crest of the helmets
Foamed like a wintry sea. At the blast of a stridulous trumpet,
Rolled the mail-clad torrent in waves of terrible splendour
On with a sweep irresistible, while to the clarion shrilling,
Blent with the stormy swell of the drums and the clash of the cymbals,
Rose a tumultuous shout that smote the face of the heavens.
" Ave, Cæsar !" it cried—then thundered away into silence.

Proudly the emperor gazed on the militant march of the legions,
Gazed with a face that flushed and an eye that eagerly kindled.
" Said we the truth, O Cæsar ?" (thus spake a senator stately)
" He who is master of these is master and monarch unquestioned,
Ay, and a god upon earth !"

" Not so," said the emperor slowly.
" Strong is the sword to smite ; it tames the pride of the valiant,
Masters and slays and destroys the timorous mortals who fear it—
True ; but the stubborn soul will still defy and escape it.
Therefore, away with the legions ! for only he is a monarch
Seated supreme, who sways the heart and the mind of the vassal."

Low in the listening ear of a slave spake one of the præfects
Hoary with age and versed in the lore that experience teaches.
Soon from the stately ærarium started a file of attendants
Wending a devious way to the gates of the emperor's palace,
Each on his shoulder a casket bearing.

" Come," said the præfect ;
" Come, O Cæsar, and learn at last thy limitless power !"

Swiftly he led the way to a marble hall of the palace,
Bidding the emperor stand in a gallery swung from the ceiling.

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Then in an endless procession the slaves with their ponderous caskets
Entered and entering paused and each his wonderful burden
Poured on the tessellate floor—a flood of glittering money,
Tribute of East and of West ; great heaps of darics and drachmas,
Staters and aurei, all of them blended in precious confusion,—
Rivers of silver and gushes of gold and pallid electrum,
Bursting in torrents that tinkled and splashed on the face of the marble.
Higher and higher and higher the tide of the magical metal
Swelled like a sea till it touched the feet of the wondering Cæsar.
Over its gleaming depths he hung with a fierce fascination,
Pale to a ghastly white as he glared with a terrible wildness,
Till of a sudden he turned and rent his garments of purple,
Tearing with frantic fingers the last few shreds from his shoulders,
Stood for an instant stripped in the pose of a powerful swimmer,—
Then with the howl of a wolf he leaped in the air and descending
Down, down, down he plunged in the ocean of gold and of silver !
There in the glittering heap he rolled and wallowed and tumbled
Filled with a marvellous madness, a terrible joy of possession,
Thrusting his naked legs deep down in the aureous billows,
Till, when he felt at last the myriad pieces about him
Slithering down his back, he clutched them and greedily kissed them,
Gnawed them and bit them and licked them and snarled like an amorous jackal,
Crying aloud the while in a voice all gasping and broken
One great shuddering cry with a note of maniacal laughter—
" Money ! Money ! Money ! NOW am I monarch and master !"

IV.

Money the god—it is lord of the lords of the earth and the rulers.
See the anointed king who wields the sword of his people,
Eager to hurl irresistible on in the path of destruction
Armies and fleets ; yet he falters and looks to a mightier monarch,
Looks to the Master of Money—then leaves the command unspoken.
Stilling the trumpet-call, he checks the impetuous legions,
Seals the sullen lips of the cannon stricken with silence,
Yields to the prince of the purse and reigns as he who was monarch
Once by the grace of God, but now by the grace of the banker !

Money the bane—in the hand of the base-born merciless tyrant,
Oh, how it blights and blackens and scars the pure and the perfect !
Masters the honour of man and the vaunted virtue of woman,
Sears with the brand of shame the human heart and the conscience,
Laying an impious grasp on the shrine and the consecrate altar.

Lo, the smooth-faced priest as he stands in the perch of his pulpit,
Fraught with a message of wrath, surveying the great congregation.
Soon, as he looks, he beholds in the midst of the people expectant,
Squat like a venomous toad, alert like a hideous spider,
One of a fearful fame who, armed with invincible millions,
Wrings from the hand of toil the fruit of its burdensome labour,

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Coins from the blood of the poor the price of their bitter undoing,
Hears with a grin of content the mournful cry of the orphan,
While with a tainting touch he fouls the fountain of Justice,
Buying and selling and slaying the souls of men with his money.
Him beholding, the priest perceives the auriferous halo
Round that ophidian head and his voice momentarily falters.
Then his message of wrath he diverts to the sinners of Judah :
Boldly he bans old Balaam and tells the truth about Ahab,
Fearless of speech, and he lashes the lust of adulterous David ;
But of the sins of the reptile before him complacently basking
Never a word does he say ; and his voice with its unctuous accents
Oozes with oil as he ends in a bland benedictory manner,
Quenching the lightnings of God in a platitudinous puddle !

Money the blessing—it yields in the hand of the generous giver
Fruits of a bounty divine to the heart that is fainting and weary.
Touched by the finger of Love, it rises a spirit celestial
Strong to protect and to save with its shield of omnipotent power.

Deep in the dreary abode where poverty broods and oppresses
Grisly and gaunt, there crouches a figure grimly despairing ;
One who has fought and fallen in Life's unpitying struggle,
One who is beaten and baffled and worn and weary and wounded.
Close to his side uplifting a face of mute supplication
Pinched and pale and pathetic a child is silently nestling,
Uttering never a word with the lips that tremble and quiver ;
Only the wondering eyes and the look of pitiful pleading
Burden that sinking soul with a terrible anguish of yearning,
While in the gathering gloom and the chill of the deepening darkness
Faintly a poor little voice, like the distant echo of wailing,
Cries with the long low cry that rends the heart of the mother.

Then to the mansion of woe speeds swiftly the message of Mercy
Bearing the wand of gold that stills the cry of the helpless.
Soon through the dismal dusk and the long dark shroud of the shadow
Runs a ripple of light like the radiant wing of an angel
Where in a luminous mist on the verge of the sorrowful threshold
Standeth a beautiful Form as of old in the house of Admetus,
Bidding the spectre avaunt. It speaks, and the desolate hearthstone
Shines with a roseate glow ; and the note of infinite wailing
Sinks to a coo of content as it welcomes the warmth of the firelight.
Peace and Plenty are there ; and Hope with its vision of promise
Brightens the sunken eyes ; a sea of scintillant splendour
Pours like a flaming flood its tide of limitless bounty ;
Till in the lustrous light, transfigured, the walls of the hovel
Gleam with the glory divine of the shimmering portals of Heaven !

V.

This be a theme for him who sings to the Men of the Present,
Sings to the Utilitarians, sings to the Makers of Money.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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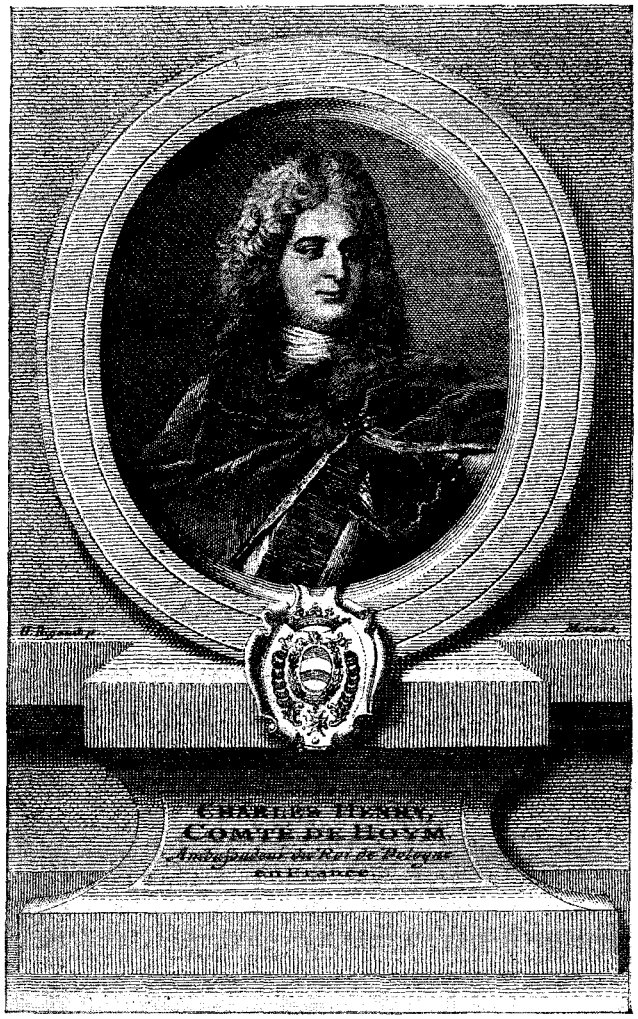
BARON JÉRÔME PICHON AND HIS LIFE OF COUNT HOYM.



Among the obituary notices which crowd the public prints no mention seems to have been made of the late Baron Jérôme Pichon. His name is perhaps unfamiliar to the majority of American readers; but no man was better known in the literary and artistic circles of France as a cultivated gentleman, eminent as a bibliophile, scholar, and erudite writer.

He died in his hôtel on the Quai d'Anjou, in Paris, on August 26, 1896, at the satisfactory age of eighty-three years. His residence, modestly called an "Hôtel," was an old palace, the entrance to which, through massive gates, under an archway, led to a large square or courtyard, from which access was given to the various portions of the sculptured structures enclosing it. The spacious rooms and lofty carved ceilings of this old palace, rich with the gilding of past centuries, were in keeping with the characteristic traits of this baron of the old school, distinguished for his attainments, and one whose modesty and courtesy inspired respect and regard.

At one time Auditor to the Council of State, he relinquished, with advancing years, all active public service, finding congenial occupation in historical and bibliographical studies and acquisitions. For half a century, beginning in 1843, he was President of the Society of French Bibliophiles, and its honorary president at the time of his death. As early as 1860 he had gathered a collection of books and manuscripts which ranked as one of the most remarkable and valuable in France. For some reason—perhaps because at the time he fancied himself "growing old"—he caused this library to be sold at public auction in Paris in 1869. It comprised 1085 titles and realised the handsome sum of 450,000 francs. As he could not live without books, he gradually accumulated a second collection, which, although much less extensive than the first, is of considerable importance. The Baron was what a Frenchman might call a *collectioneur de la vieille roche*, with an enlightened affection for objects illustrative of the arts and history of the

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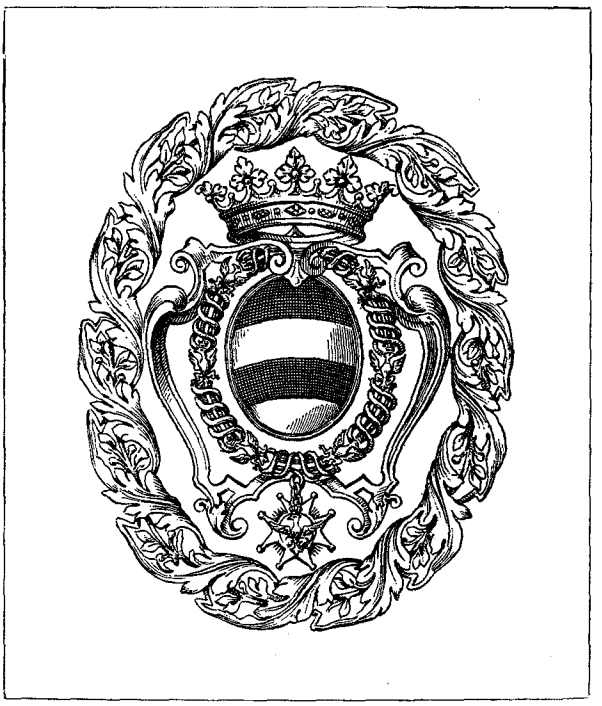
past, which, with rare discrimination, he gathered to himself into the Hôtel de Lausan. As a bibliophile his name will live in the annals of French bibliography. Ever ready, when called upon, to communicate information from the stores of a retentive memory, to inquiring friends and fellow *littérateurs*, he was the recognised *doyen* of the bibliographical fraternity of his time. In connection with Charles Nodier and Techener he founded the *Bulletin du Bibliophile et du Bibliothécaire*, to which he contributed articles of value, up to the time of his death. His researches in various departments of bibliography and literary history, published from time to time, furnish valuable and reliable records, based upon facts and not opinions. One of the books written by him, and published in 1880 under the auspices and with the imprint of the Société des Bibliophiles, is a life of Count Hoym. This work furnishes a characteristic example of its author's thoroughness, and well illustrates what has been said of his qualities of mind and heart.



ARMS OF COUNT HOYM.

So far as we know, no review of this book has been published either in the United States or England. As a biography containing much curious and interesting matter illustrative of the literary and artistic history of the early part of the eighteenth century, it is of unusual interest, well repaying perusal, and worthy of translation and republication in English. Perhaps few of those possessing in their libraries volumes sumptuously bound and emblazoned with the arms of Hoym know much of his brilliant career and tragic end. Baron Pichon says in the preface to his book, that "inheritors of the riches of amateurs who have preceded them should be animated with a species of filial piety for their memory, of gratitude at their having possessed that which we in our turn have, and loving that which we value. Hence the pleasant task of gathering details of their existence."

A catalogue of the collection had come into his possession in 1830, and he records his satisfaction when, in 1831, at the age of nineteen, he purchased the first book he had ever seen from Count Hoym's library, the *Memoirs* of Bassompierre in four volumes. Although the author of an article published in the *Bulletin de Techener* in 1838, in remembrance of the one hundredth anniversary of the Hoym sale, M. Pichon did not commence active researches respecting him until after the inauguration of the Second Empire, when he undertook the examination of the French archives of foreign affairs. In these, while he found much relating to the life of Hoym in Germany, there was little touching his life in France. Hearing, however, that a Saxon gentleman, Charles Sahrer de Sahr, was also occupied in the investigation of the same subject, he entered into correspondence with him, and in 1869, at his instance, went to Dresden, not only searching the archives there, but visiting Shaska, Königstein, Moritzburg, and Lichtewalde—all places filled with souvenirs of Hoym. One year was spent in

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these investigations, which were supplemented by additional researches made for him by the Count Albert de Vitzthum among the archives at Lichtewalde. Thus, in collaboration with M. de Sahr, the projected work was in progress when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, interrupting direct communication with Germany. The death of M. de Sahr in 1874 increased the difficulty of the task, so that it was not completed until 1880, when the book was, as before stated, published in two octavo volumes by the Society of French Bibliophiles. The first volume contains the history of Hoym's life ; and the second, extracts from his correspondence, inventories of his books, furniture, pictures, porcelains, and objects of art, with letters and documents relating to their acquisition. The author of a work requiring so much time and patience could have undertaken the task solely from sentiments of fraternal regard and sympathy.

Born in Dresden in 1694, Charles Henry, Comte de Hoym, was the son, by a third wife, of Louis Guebhard, Baron d'Hoym, Financial Minister of the Elector of Saxony. His father died in 1711 ; and the Elector, Augustus the Strong, conferred upon the son, then but seventeen years of age, the title of Count of the Empire. As an *attaché* of the legation of Saxony, he was present at the coronation of the Emperor Charles VI. at Frankfort. Before the age of twenty he had visited most of the European courts, where his personal attractions, intelligence, and accomplishments won for him many friends. He had so far mastered the French language as to be able to write it with scholarly elegance, and was, about 1716, the author of a clever treatise in French upon the works of Terence. In 1720 he was appointed by the Elector, then provisional King of Poland, Ambassador to Paris from the kingdom of Saxe-Poland.

Louis XIV. died in 1715 during the two years of Hoym's first sojourn in France, and the reign of Louis XV. had begun under the regency of the Duc d'Orléans. The court of Augustus the Strong, with all its brilliancy, wealth, and splendour, was as full of intrigue and corruption as that of the regent, and these, indeed, were the characteristics of all the European courts of the period. It was during his residence in Paris—of about fifteen years in all—that Hoym formed the remarkable library and collections of works of art which, rather than his career as a diplomat or brilliant courtier, have made his name known. In tastes and general character he seems to have been much more of a Frenchman than a Saxon.

Hoym reached Paris for the second time in July, 1720, with credentials from Warsaw as Chargé d'Affaires de Saxe-Pologne. For nine consecutive years he resided in the French capital, domiciled in the hôtel, Rue Cassette, which "became in his hands an enchanted palace." Without neglecting affairs of State, he applied himself to reading and study to such an extent as to injure his eyesight, which led him to devote his leisure to collecting pictures, porcelains, and artistic objects. Handsome, with a fine figure, wit, and good manners, allied to great wealth, he occupied an enviable position. The Elector Augustus, his master, was fond of "hearing all the news," and this Hoym furnished him in long, gossipy letters, keeping up at the same time an active correspondence with his friends and admirers in the various capitals of Europe, for he seems to have been a favourite with the fair sex. Letter-writing in those days was a pastime, and also an accomplishment held in much greater esteem than at the present time. Some of his letters, which have been preserved, might be classed as models of epistolary elegance. A portrait of Hoym (see page 34) engraved by Morse, after a painting by Rigaud, and published in Baron Pichon's book, shows him to advantage in full periwig and the rich costume of the period. Judging from it, one would pronounce him a finished man of the world, sensitive, refined, and intelligent.

It seems to have been with some misgivings and reluctance that he quitted France, where he had led so brilliant and happy a life, to return to Saxony. His rather tardy compliance with the orders of Augustus, who had appointed him Minister of State, appears to have irritated this absolute and violent monarch ; but Hoym finally reached Dresden in 1729, leaving Paris on the third of March, occupying nine days in making the journey. At the time of his return to Saxony as Minister to Augustus, the courts of Europe were wrangling for supremacy in Poland. In this war of intrigue between the powers for posses-

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sion of the future disrupted kingdom, Hoym seems to have taken an active part. The new favourites who surrounded Augustus were the natural enemies of the new Minister, who apparently was not of the conciliatory disposition necessary to such a position. Possessing power and wealth, both objects of jealousy, he was accused of abusing the one, and securing to himself emoluments to which he was not entitled. By continued complaints and misrepresentations, to which the King listened reluctantly and at first discredited, he seems to have been brought at last to the state of mind his informers desired. Hoym was called upon to give an account of himself, which he did so satisfactorily that the cabal was silenced for a time. As his biographer remarks, it would have been better for him to have retired to some one of his large estates and employed himself with literary pursuits and the enjoyment of his books and artistic treasures. But he seems to have been actuated by a true patriotism and a desire for the welfare of his country. What all the kings of the time needed was money. Like Charles VII. of France, who to obtain the wealth of his richest, as well as one of his most loyal subjects, despoiled and imprisoned Jacques Cœur, Augustus assented to the ruin of Hoym.

In 1731 his calumniators obtained the appointment of a committee of two persons, both of them his enemies, to investigate his conduct. This committee submitted a list of eighteen charges, giving Hoym the choice of acknowledging himself guilty of "these crimes" and submitting himself to the clemency of the King, or appearing before a special commission for judgment. Augustus assured the niece of Hoym that her uncle had nothing to fear; that he was an honest man, and he would not withdraw his protection from him. He had served him worthily for nine years as Ambassador to France, and for two years as Minister; his father before him having held the same office. To refuse to admit culpability was to ensure certain judgment in condemnation. Under these circumstances Hoym preferred, perhaps unwisely, what seemed to him the less of the two evils—to acknowledge his alleged shortcomings, and, conscious of his personal integrity, rely upon the just clemency guaranteed by the assurances of the King's confidence and esteem. In any case, Hoym did not, in admitting his culpability, reply to anything but vague and ambiguous charges.

Of the eighteen articles of accusation, the first was entitled, "notice to reform." To this Hoym answered, "There is no reply to make to an introductory accusation so new and strange." The second charge, "disobedience," was having omitted to send to the Chamber of Accounts a regulation ordained by the King. The reply to this was, that "owing to the death of the Master of the Chamber, it had not been completed." The third was, "despotism." The answer to this was, that he had "always obeyed the King." The fourth was, "attention to his individual interests." The fifth was, "bad treatment of others." The sixth, "concealing matters from the King." The answer to this was, "The King had signed every measure." The seventh was, "acting contrary to orders."

These will give a fair illustration of the rest of the charges, all of which are of a similar character. One of them, however, is curious and interesting; it is the sixteenth, "The Matter of the Porcelain." Augustus had established the factory at Meissen for the production of the famous Dresden china. After the discovery of the art by Bötcher, the workmen were not only enjoined to secrecy, but were even strictly confined, holding no outside communication. A workman named Zecht succeeded, however, in escaping and carrying to Vienna a knowledge of the processes of manufacture. The charge against Hoym was that he had possessed himself of the secret, and had caused a French artist named Lemaire to come to Dresden, granting him especial privileges in the acquisition of the porcelains. The real object, however, was to secure the services of this man, as well as those of other French artists, in perfecting the designs and decorations, Hoym having taste and good judgment, and justly esteeming the German forms and painting little less than horrible. When special pieces or services were commanded by the King, he interested himself in having them executed artistically. The collection and manufacture of porcelains was not only a favourite hobby of Augustus, but the

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sale of the products of Meissen a source of considerable revenue. The German artists naturally resented what they considered foreign interference; but it is an established fact that to French artistic influences—and not German—we owe the most beautiful work done at Meissen, and that these results were due largely, if not entirely, to the cultivated taste and direction of Count Hoym. Of the various charges this seems to have been treated as one of the most serious.

The combined attack upon Hoym finally resulted in a commission decreeing in the name of the King that he be deprived of office; that he be banished from Dresden and the court, and remain on his estates, which he should not leave without express permission; that he should dispose of none of his lands nor contract any debts without authorisation, and pay the sum of one hundred thousand crowns, which the King took, ordering one half of it delivered at the epoch of Saint-Michel in 1731, and the rest on New Year's Day, 1732. Thus we find the act of despoliation begun.

Hoym managed to communicate with faithful friends and retainers in Paris and have his library, pictures, and artistic objects removed from his residence there to places of greater security. Some of his books he caused to be sent him for solace in his banishment, and a number of them were found after his death scattered about, the bindings covered with paper to protect them from injury. In his exile in his own house he was attended by some members of his family, and notably by his niece, who appears never to have ceased her efforts in his behalf.

In 1733 Augustus the Strong died suddenly at Warsaw, after a dinner in which he had indulged too freely in wine. Hoym wrote a letter to the new Elector, in a tone of moderation and respect; but, like his father, this Prince was under the influence of the famous Minister Brühl, one of the Count's bitterest enemies. No change was made in Hoym's position. On the contrary, additional charges were brought against him, leading to his arrest and removal to Sonnenstein, a castle on the Elbe. Another letter to the Elector asking for liberation, seconded by the efforts of his nephew, Prince Lubomerski, resulted in his being taken back in 1733 to his estate at Lichtewalde. Hoym became convinced after his arrest that he had nothing to hope for through the Elector after his probable election as King of Poland. He therefore commenced to set his affairs in order, and made his will. At the instigation of Brühl, new orders were sent to seize his papers, and to take him to the fortress of Königstein. We now find him making his last and most painful journey, reduced by illness and suffering of mind and body. The most touching appeals of his sister, Mme. de Vitzthum, and others produced no effect upon the Elector. The rooms in which he was confined were so damp that in the report of the physician of the fortress it is stated that mushrooms grew upon the walls.

In November, 1735, a new commission was sent, composed of two of Hoym's avowed enemies, and an inquisition was commenced anew. The last sitting of this commission began on April 16, 1736, and continued for several days. On the twenty-first of the month, upon retiring he requested that his attendants should not trouble his sleep. The next morning the lifeless body of the unfortunate Count was discovered suspended from a hook in the wall by a handkerchief with which he had hanged himself. A paper left near at hand requested his servants to place him in his bed, that his death might be attributed to an attack of apoplexy. The remains were buried outside the cemetery of the fortress.

The deadly animosity to which he fell a victim, and which followed him even in his death, is evidenced in the condemnation to imprisonment with hard labour of four soldiers and two corporals for having supplied him with money and some ink, and sent letters from him to Dresden.

Thus, says Baron Pichon, did these miserable assassins, for a little favour and gold, persecute an innocent man, reducing him to despair, and forcing him to end his days, in order to obtain more money to offer for the satisfaction and caprices of their master and his followers. No thought is now given to these men, while the name, the merits, and the sufferings of their victim are eternally graven in the memory of bibliophiles and men of taste and cultivation.

Hoym's will left the larger part of his property to his brothers and to his niece, Mme. de Watzdorf, after the payment of special bequests to various

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friends, and to his faithful attendant Christian. Fifty thousand livres were to be paid to the General Hospital of Paris. The King of Saxony, however, declared his property confiscated, and seized the large estates that were left by him in Saxony. He endeavoured to possess himself of his property unsuccessfully in France, amounting to 1,700,000 livres, although he seems to have succeeded in securing a portion of it. Hoym had left ten thousand livres for Christian to pay to M. Astruc for writing his justification, which should be published either in Paris or in Holland. This Astruc never did, although he had received a special and unconditional legacy of ten thousand livres. The second sum of the same amount left to pay for the justification was offered him on condition that he should *not* do the work stipulated. Astruc took the money, and no justification appeared. Thus the unhappy Hoym was pursued and outraged even in his grave.

The wisdom and the taste displayed by Hoym in the selection of his books and in his love for them are matters of tradition as well as record. It was a remarkable library in its time. Theology, books of religious dogmas, commentaries and homilies were then a literary fashion. Works of this character, many of them in Latin, filled the shelves of the dilettante book-collectors ; but upon Hoym's were found not only most of the Greek and Latin classics, but a remarkable assemblage of choice copies of the best literature of France in original and most desirable editions. The catalogue had been made in Latin in 1736 by the French bibliophile Gabriel Martin, and the sale at auction took place at Paris in 1738. There were 4785 lots or titles.

Hoym began the collection of his library in 1715, and the inventories of his purchases, all of which are preserved, foot up to about 115,000 francs. The total product of the sale, exclusive of the books he had in Germany, was 86,630 francs. According to the memoranda left by him, it had reached in 1725 the value of 25,000 livres—a considerable sum, considering the prices of the time. In this year the library of Du Fay, then one of the finest in Europe for the choice nature and rarity of the books, was dispersed. From this Hoym made large acquisitions. In the matter of binding he was of correct and fastidious taste, and among the many books we have met with which belonged to him we have never seen a single poor or inferior copy. His binders were Boyet, Du Seuil, and Padeloup—the best workmen of the time, and never excelled at any succeeding period. Although many of the books are in calf binding, a large proportion are in morocco. He sent to the East in order to secure the best Levant skins, which were mostly red and citron or light brown, and in his letters he complains that no good blues were sent him. Neither this colour nor green is found in the library to any great exent. The more ordinary calf bindings are attributed by M. Pichon to a workman named Girou. These, usually having Hoym's arms impressed in gold upon the sides, are very satisfactory, but in no way comparable with the morocco bindings, which are many of them richly decorated with gold tooling and mosaics. The arms and monograms upon the sides and backs varied at different epochs. In 1725, having received the order of the White Eagle, the design is composed of the monogram C. H. surmounted with a crown with a crowned eagle in the centre, and surrounded with an ornamental oval border. Later the border of intertwined foliage enclosed his escutcheon surmounted by the crown, a small star with the eagle upon it being appended below. The crowned monogram was used on the backs. A third stamp, similar, but more delicate and of more elaborate ornamentation than the two first, succeeded. All of these were made of different dimensions, to correspond with the sizes of the books.

The bibliophiles of the eighteenth century were not given to elaborate descriptions in their catalogues. In that of Hoym's library, volumes which would now bring thousands of francs are disposed of in a couple of lines ; while allusion to the elaborate bindings is made in a few instances only. Most of the books are in Latin and French, with some in Italian, while German and English literature is almost entirely unrepresented. Although there are many translations, we find but one book in English—the five folio volumes of Purchas's *Pilgrimages*, bound in red morocco. It sold for 120 francs. In such an

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auction as that of the Beckford Library it would now bring as many pounds sterling.

In 1728 came the sale in Paris of the books of Colbert, at which Hoym again made many valuable acquisitions, so that at the time of his departure for Dresden in 1729 his library had cost him over 96,000 livres. This superb collection was contained in two apartments in the hôtel in the Rue Cassette ; mostly arranged on shelves supported by carved brackets, with some of the choicer ones in locked cabinets. The shelves were hung with bands of green silk, embroidered in the same colour ; and large sheets of green cloth were used to cover them in the absence of the owner. Upon their removal from the hôtel in 1733 the books were packed in cases, two of which were sent to Germany, but the contents of the others do not appear to have again seen the light until the making of the catalogue. There were assembled in these boxes some matchless volumes—a number printed upon vellum and many in beautiful bindings. There was the Mayence Bible of 1462 ; the *Nef des Fols* of 1497, printed upon vellum with the cuts beautifully painted as miniatures. The former, the title of which occupies three lines, is followed by a single line of "description" : "A fine copy upon vellum." This brought 2000 francs. The last sold at auction, a copy on paper, was purchased for 20,000 francs, in Paris, about a year ago. The *Ship of Fools* bound in velvet brought 133 francs, and is now in Dresden. It was bought by Brühl, who replaced the velvet by what the Baron calls "a binding without name, made by a harness-maker, or leather-dresser." The *Vies des Saints*, translated from the Latin of Pierre Natalis, with illustrations painted in miniature (Paris, 1524), two volumes in folio, in red morocco, and *printed on vellum*, sold for 60 francs ! Then there was the *Très-élégante, délicieuse, melliflue et très-plaisante Histoire de Perceforest, Roy de la Grande-Bretagne*, etc. (Paris, Galiot du Pré, 1528), six volumes in folio, in red morocco. "*Copy printed upon vellum, ornamented with figures and capital letters painted in gold and colours.*" It now belongs to the Duc d'Aumale. This was sold for 399 francs ! Another book, by Hiéron Natalis, *Adnotationes et Meditationes in Evangelia cum figuris* (Antwerp, 1595), in folio, the text illuminated in gold, in a superbly ornamented binding in red morocco by Du Seuil, with Hoym's arms, and noted in the catalogue as *Exemplar elegans, interius et exterius decoratum*, sold for 63 francs. This book is now in America. There was also a fine manuscript breviary on vellum, with miniatures, and bound in one of the richest of Padeloup's mosaics upon citron morocco ; a superb book, which sold for 103 francs, and is now in the collection of M. Dutuit. The list might be swelled indefinitely, but the imaginary contemplation of such books coupled with such prices might be a painful gratification to a bibliophile reader. There were in the library, of editions of the Bible (Testament and Psalms), 202 titles ; a still greater number of commentaries and theological works, followed by jurisprudence and philosophical and scientific books. The strongest and largest portions consisted, however, of an extraordinary assemblage of early editions of the Greek and Latin classics, French literature, and histories of all times and nations. There were eighty editions of Homer (including translations), beginning with the five incunabulæ of 1481, 1482, 1483, 1486, and 1498 ; forty-five of Vergil, embracing the edition "Perantique" without date and two others printed prior to 1500. Of Terence there were fifty different editions, and also a large number of editions of Ovid, including the first —an "*exemplar elegans*"—which sold for 26 francs. In the department of French history there are 330 items ; and of early French poetry, 359.

In turning over the leaves of the old catalogue, priced in ink by the hand of some old bookman more than a century and a half ago, we smiled inwardly at his naïve annotations on the margins of a copy possessed by Baron Portalis. Opposite the price of one fine book, sold for 12 francs, he writes, "Folly ;" of another, for 36 francs, "Still greater folly ;" and of a Psalter in a red morocco binding with decoration in compartments, "Sold, 16 francs, on account of its coat, which is superb." Such books as the first Marots and Rabelais with the early Paris imprints and those of Sebastian Gryphus and François Jaste, bound in morocco, sold for from three to fifteen francs ! These figures multiplied one hundred times approximate nearer to their present value. While it

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is not by a money standard that such a library should be estimated, its relative importance may be judged by the fact that if sold in Paris to-day the 86,000 and odd francs expended for it through the "folly" of its purchasers would be swelled into millions by those now sailing in the same *stultifera navis* as their predecessors of 1738.

Probably we should have heard little of Count Hoym, and thought less, had it not been for his love of books. To Baron Pichon we owe not only a most interesting volume, but a model (if we may so style it) of bibliographical biography. In some respects the author and his subject resemble one another; in others there are strong contrasts. Both possessed literary tastes and a love for the arts and artistic objects. Both were readers and students; the collectors and owners of large and valuable libraries —gathered not from ostentation, but for the pleasure and knowledge to be derived from them. The one, although living in times of revolutions and many political changes, passed a quiet, unostentatious life, leaving the world at a ripe old age; the other, the courtier, mixing with the feverish political life of his time, active, intelligent, richly endowed mentally and physically, ends his own existence in his forty-third year.

Hoym had seen men of strong intellects, of determined wills and purposes directing public affairs under kings occupied with other things than government and the welfare of their subjects; thrones surrounded by sycophants tearing one another from high places to reach preferment or wealth over their prostrate souls and bodies. The court of Augustus was no stranger to such scenes of luxury and strife as were enacted on a larger scale in other capitals. Hoym undoubtedly had his weaknesses, and erred like other men; but after reading his life, so patiently and impartially set forth in Baron Pichon's book, in which fraternal feeling has not warped judgment or coloured facts, the conclusion reached is that Hoym was in his time, and for his time, equal, if not superior, to most of those of his contemporaries who possessed a corresponding rank, position, and power. That he was the victim of envious jealousy and malice there seems to be no doubt. His experience was only that of others in like circumstances, and one which is so often recorded in the histories of empires and kingdoms, recalling the memorable words of Cardinal Wolsey when shorn of all his wealth and honours, and serves to emphasize the ancient admonition, "Put not your trust in princes."

NOTE.—In 1731 le Chevalier Gordon de Percel edited the works of Clément Marot with those of his father, Jean Marot, of Michel Marot, his son. The book printed at the Hague in five volumes contains a dedication to "Son Excellence Monseigneur le Comte Hoym, Ministre d'État de sa majesté Polonoise, et son Ambassadeur en France." After the laudatory phrases in vogue at the time, and an "appreciation" of works of the Marots, he winds up with the following: "Whatever may be the merits of the poets in this collection, it will be a glory to them, my lord, to have entered into the library of your Excellency. A library so magnificent, so numerous, and so well chosen that it may justly pass for one of the wonders of literature. It will be a glory to me to enter with them, but a greater privilege to be able to merit a continuance of your kindness, and persuade you anew of my sincere respect."

Robert Hoe.

OPPORTUNITY.

Once only did the Angel stir
The pool whereat she paused in pain;
Another step outspeeded her;
The waters ne'er have moved again.

John B. Tabb.

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HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY.

A Symposium.

I.

By Robert Barr, Author of "A Woman Intervenes," etc.

There was a man once who, wishing to engage a coachman, took the applicants for that position to a road bordering a cliff, so that each might show how near he could drive to the edge with safety. One competitor brought the wheels of his vehicle within a foot of the precipice; another had nine inches margin; a third, six inches; while another daring individual left barely an inch between himself and destruction. The final aspirant, however, crossed to the other side of the road, and drove as far from the precipice as possible, and him the man engaged as coachman.

I don't know that this fable has any direct application to what I am about to say concerning short stories, but it came into my mind on reading the comment of an editor on a short story I have written, and which I believe appears in *The Temple Magazine* for March. The editor wrote: "It occurs to me that your story ends rather too abruptly. Will you pardon my suggesting this, and will you see whether another hundred words added to the proofs would not improve it somewhat?"

Now, I leave it to any sensible author, in a fair way of trade, if the suggestion that his story *can* be improved does not come upon him with a shock of surprise. Nevertheless, I gave what time I possessed to the problem, and after mature deliberation admit the story may be strengthened, but not by lengthening it. My contract was to get those two young people over the border safely, and that done, my task ended; yet must I go maundering on telling what became of the innkeeper, which had nothing to do with the story; therefore, cut a hundred words off, Mr. Editor, if you like; but any addition to the narrative, it seems to me, would make it worse than it now is.

I think a rightly constructed short story should always allow the reader's imagination to come to the aid of the author. I am myself thoroughly convinced that those two young people married each other, and doubtless lived happily, in less tumultuous lands than France, ever afterward; but I submit that my commission extended not so far as that. I saw them secure across the boundary, and after that, God bless you both! My undertaking was to save their necks from the sharp blade of the guillotine by whatever means was practicable, and if, afterward, they threw their arms round the spot where the axe might have fallen, that was not my affair, so I turned my back and looked the other way—an action which, I doubt not, all true lovers will commend.

I think it will be generally admitted that up to a few short years ago the English storyteller was outdistanced by his brother of France or of America. If I were put to it to find an English writing compeer of Guy de Maupassant, I should have to go to California and select Ambrose Bierce. America has been particularly notable in her short stories, from the time of Washington Irving and Edgar Allan Poe to the to-day of Howells, Stockton, Aldrich, and Henry James. It would be difficult to find the equal in ingenious short stories of *Marjory Daw*, by T. B. Aldrich, or *The Lady or the Tiger*, by Frank Stockton; while as far as serious short stories are concerned, *A Man without a Country*, by the Rev. Edward E. Hale, and some of the short stories by Mary E. Wilkins, reach a very high level.

I take it that the reason of this discrepancy is because the Englishman has been hampered by tradition, while the Frenchman and American have not. Up to a very recent date a story of less or more than six thousand words was hardly marketable in England. I have in my possession a letter written by the editor of a first-class London periodical to whom I sent a story of two thousand four hundred words. The editor wrote that he was pleased with the story, and that if I would make it six thousand words in length he would take it.

It would have been an easy matter to have padded the effort several hundred

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per cent., with the result of spoiling the story, but much as I desired to appear in that celebrated journal—for I was young then—I had the temerity to point out to the editor that this was a two-thousand-four-hundred word idea, and not a six-thousand-word idea ; whereupon he promptly returned the manuscript for my cheek.

I am pleased to see that the younger periodicals are driving from the field the stodgy old magazines that have done so much to handicap the English writer of short stories, and so we may look upon the six-thousand-word tradition as sadly crippled, if it is not yet dead. But the tradition is still rampant in England, and nowhere else, in other fields of writing industry. The Englishman dearly loves to have things cut into lengths for him. In the sixpenny reviews you will find articles all of a size, while in the great dailies, I suppose the heavens would fall if the leading article were more than an exact column in length ; therefore a ten-line idea has to be rolled exceedingly thin to make it run to a column of space. Then among the horrors of London is the "turn-over" in some of the evening papers. I often picture to myself the unfortunate wretches who labour upon these deplorable articles. They must toil away, piling word on word, till they slop over the leaf, and then their task is ended.

The body of French and American short-story writers is largely recruited from the brilliant young men of the press ; but if you put upon young men the iron fetters which English newspaper work imposes, they soon become fit for nothing else than the production of stories six thousand words in length, to the letter.

Five years ago the editor of a magazine sent me a note asking me to write for him a five-thousand-word story. I promised to do so as soon as a five-thousand-word idea came to me. He wrote frequently for that story during the first three years, but lately he seems to have given it up. He is not more discouraged than I am : he might as well have expected a man to eat an eight-course dinner with a four-course appetite. To my sorrow, I haven't met with a five-thousand-word idea since 1891.

It seems to me that a short-story writer should act, metaphorically, like this —he should put his idea for a story into one cup of a pair of balances, then into the other he should deal out his words ; five hundred ; a thousand ; two thousand ; three thousand ; as the case may be—and when the number of words thus paid in, causes the beam to rise on which his idea hangs, then is his story finished. If he puts a word more or less, he is doing false work.

I have, finally, a serious complaint to make against the English reader of short stories. He insists upon being fed with a spoon. He wants all the goods in the shop window ticketed with the price in plain figures. I think the reader should use a little intellect in reading a story, just as the author is supposed to use a great deal in the writing of it. While editor of a popular magazine, I have frequently been reluctantly compelled to refuse my own stories, because certain points in them were hinted at rather than fully expressed, and I knew the British public would stand no nonsense of that sort. The public wants the trick done in full view, and will have no juggling with the hands behind the back.

I often think there was much worldly wisdom in a remark the late Captain Mayne Reid once made to me. "Never surprise the British public, my boy," he said ; "they don't like it. If you arrange a pail of water above a door so that when an obnoxious boy enters the room the water will come down upon him, take your readers fully into your confidence long before the deed is done. Let them help you to tie up the pail, then they will chuckle all through the chapter as the unfortunate lad approaches his fate, and when he is finally deluged they will roar with delight and cry, 'Now he has got his dose!'"

I believe if I had accepted this advice, I might have been a passably popular short-story writer by this time.

In a recent book, the name of which I shall not mention, for I cannot conscientiously recommend it to the gentle reader, dealing, as it does, with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, I endeavoured to give a series of stories told without a superfluous word, and in the writing of this book I had a model. Our world has been a going concern too long for any effort to claim originality. My model is Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short stories, entitled *The Elements of Geometry*, will live when most of us who are scribbling

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to-day are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unnecessary word, always keeping his one end in view, and the moment he reaches the culmination he stops. My own book, based on this model, was reviewed at some length by the critic of one of the sixpenny reviews. Now, one may perhaps be justified in expecting that a man who is paid for giving his estimate of stories will peruse them with more care than one who buys the book and reads them for nothing; yet this critic, although highly commending the book, and desiring not only to be just but generous to the author, selects two stories, the first and the last in the volume, and in each case completely misses the point on which each story hinges. The first is an unpleasant story about a man and his wife, who hate each other so thoroughly that each resolves to murder the other—the man by brutally flinging his wife over a precipice in Switzerland; the woman by flinging herself over the same precipice under circumstances that will convict her husband of her murder. The story hinges on the fact that neither suspects the other of murderous thoughts, and this, so far as the woman is concerned, is shown by her last words, "I know there is no thought of murder in your heart, but there is in mine;" yet the critic says, "In 'An Alpine Divorce' we have a wife who divines that her husband means to throw her over a precipice."

In the second story are a Russian wife, a French husband, and a French girl, who is the wife's rival. They are seated together at lunch in a room belonging to the wife. The Russian has saturated the carpet and walls of the room with naphtha, which, as every one knows, is a volatile substance, and when so used would at once fill the room with an inflammable gas ready to destroy all within if a match were struck. The cause of the final catastrophe is hinted at in the conversation between husband and wife:

"What penetrating smell is this that fills the room?" asked Caspilier.

"It is nothing," replied Valdoreme, speaking for the first time since they had sat down. "It is only naphtha. I have had the room cleaned with it."

The critic, speaking of this story, says: "'Purification' turns upon the revenge of a Russian wife upon her rival, which she secures by the means of *an explosive cigarette*."

These instances, and other indications similar to them, lead me to the opinion that if a man wishes to be successful as a short-story writer he must lay it on with a trowel. If he is going to consume his characters with naphtha, he must state the number of gallons used and the method of its application. All of which goes to show that that eminent writer of romance, Euclid, is an unsafe model for the modern short-story writer to follow.

II.

By Harold Frederic, Author of "The Damnation of Theron Ware," etc.

I don't know that I have anything luminous to offer in comment upon the sprightly remarks of my dear friend Robert Barr. Here, as everywhere else, what he says is all his own. When I listen to him, my delight in the direct and smashing way in which he goes at things—the sense of charm that I get from his methods of debate, from his forms of expression, from the man himself—are so great that I have never formed the habit of regarding critically the substance of his propositions. Moreover, he is a captain among wags. How can even the editors be sure that he is not joking at the present moment?

Apparently, his general point is that a short story should be short; in particular, he insists that the author should be the judge of its size, and that in deciding upon this, he should consider nothing save the horse-power capacity, so to speak, of the idea, otherwise the engines which he puts inside the story.

This seems all to be sound enough, so far as it goes. But when you come to details, I do not see just how he fits his illustrations and his deductions together. He is of opinion, again I say apparently, that six thousand words is too much for a short story: in his own practice, he has for five years kept himself well within the limit of five thousand. But of the "short stories" which he selects as models of their kind, Mr. Aldrich's *Marjory Daw* and Mr. Hale's *A Man without a Country* (that is to say, two out of his three examples) are sure-

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ly more than six thousand words in length. He mentions Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James as masters of the short story—but he would have been at a standstill if he had tried to cite any tale by either of them that did not exceed six thousand words. Mr. Howells's incomparably beautiful *A Parting and a Meeting* occupied two long instalments of a magazine; the average of Mr. James's stories is over rather than under ten thousand words. One of the tales he mentions—Mr. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger*—was, as I recall it, very short; but that is such a unique achievement in so many other respects that one could with warrant quote it as an exception which proved the rule against him.

But no one wants to prove anything against him. There is really no issue marked out, unless it may be one of definition. The term "short story" is used now to cover indiscriminately the small novel of fifteen thousand words and the yarn of twenty-five hundred. Somewhere in this wide range, after hunting about a good deal, the individual writer finds the sort of thing that he is most effective and at home in. As use develops and crystallises his knowledge of his powers, he gets to have convictions as to what he can do best, and gradually ceases to experiment outside his chosen line of work. I do not say that these convictions are necessarily well founded. They may be easily the product of nothing better than obstinacy or self-conceit, but when they are formed they shape the author's choice of method, style, subject, dimensions, and the rest. If the man who has satisfied himself that three thousand words is his form, comes out and chaffs the less nimble creatures who cling to six or eight thousand for themselves, I will laugh as cheerfully as anybody so long as he is witty and gay-hearted, and Robert Barr could be nothing else. But I must not pretend to think that he has proved anything.

In conclusion, since we are talking of ourselves, I may say that for a number of years I have declined to accept any commission for a short story under five thousand words. This means simply that I cannot turn myself round inside narrower limits, with results at all satisfactory to my conception of what I ought to be doing. It may be answered very logically that this shows I cannot write short stories, but I should have an equal right to retort that short stories begin at five thousand words, and that under that limit of length they are yarns. It is, to repeat, a matter of definition. Turgénieff's *Virgin Soil* contains 115,000 words, and produces the effect of a short story. I have in my time read tales barely a hundredth part as long which tired me much more.

III.

By Arthur Morrison, Author of "Tales of Mean Streets," etc.

I have read the proof of Mr. Robert Barr's article. What he says is very excellent, and his use of Euclid's *Geometry* as an illustration is inspired. Little can be said in the abstract to help the beginner who would learn the *technique* of the short story. But of things that may be cultivated, the command of form is the first; indeed, I think it is all. Let the pupil take a story by a writer distinguished by the perfection of his workmanship—none could be better than Guy de Maupassant—and let him consider that story apart from the book, as something happening before his eyes. Let him review mentally *everything* that happens—the things that are not written in the story as well as those that are—and let him review them, not necessarily in the order in which the story presents them, but in that in which they would come before an observer in real life. In short, from the fiction let him construct ordinary, natural, detailed, unselected, unarranged fact; making notes, if necessary, as he goes. Then let him compare his raw fact with the words of the master. He will see where the unessential is rejected; he will observe how everything receives its just proportion in the design; he will perceive that every incident, every sentence, and every word, has its value, its meaning, and its part in the whole. He will see the machinery, and in time he may learn to apply it for himself. But only by experience, inspired by natural gift, will he learn this, and will thus achieve the instinctive eye for the essential, and that severe command of material that will admit nothing else. Then, it may be, his critics will complain of his "sketchiness," and cry

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aloud for a "finished picture," meaning the industrious transcript of the incapable. But he will know that he has done well, and he will judge them at their worth.

But let what Mr. Barr says be remembered. Every story has its length—to a word. It is the aim of the artist to determine that length, and the first lesson is to reject.

IV.

By Jane Barlow, Author of "Irish Idylls," etc.

The fact that Mr. Barr's interesting article might almost as appropriately be entitled "How *not* to Write a Short Story," seems natural enough, considering the craft of which it treats; for a process of selection—of elimination—does certainly lie at the root of the matter. That artist's ordinance, *Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*, is nowhere more inevitable and more rigid than in the construction of the short story. Often, indeed, the things to be renounced are quite obvious; there is so much the mere attempt at which confounds us. A gradual growth in depravity, for instance, like Tito's in *Romola*, or the complex interaction of social life on a whole countryside, as in *Middlemarch*—subjects so palpably beyond our scope—can hardly fail to be avoided as rocks that would wreck our small enterprise in port. But there are others more insidiously unfit, and if we run upon them we may find ourselves epitomising a "three-decker," or, contrariwise, amplifying an anecdote. It behooves us, moreover, to choose promptly as well as discreetly. In a long narrative it may sometimes be permissible to start before the goal is clearly descried. "Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered," but not the frail skiff of the short story, nor have we any sea-room to spare for aimless drifting. Therefore we are constrained to hold, with Aristotle, that "a well-constructed plot must not begin nor end at haphazard." Some serviceable hints may doubtless be drawn from the wisdom of the ancients, and we might profitably compile a list of acknowledgments like that of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus or Miss Austen's Catherine Morland:—From Hesiod: How much more is the half than the whole; from Horace: That in trying to be brief we may become obscure; from Aristotle again: That what indicates nothing by its presence or absence is not an essential part—and so forth. An adaptation of the Law of Parsimony makes a useful maxim: "Characters must not be multiplied unnecessarily;" and the Arabian thief, who sought to extract too large a handful from the jar, is a not inapposite apologue. To cite more modern authority, Mrs. Ewing, a writer the excellence of whose style is less generally appreciated than it should be, made it a rule never to use two words when one would do. But that "when" is the question which continues to give us pause. Other pertinent reflections are that unless the requisite brevity lies in the matter rather than the manner, we shall probably have not so much a story as a précis. Again, that the mystery, if mystery there be, should lie more in the manner than the matter, else the story becomes a conundrum. On this point, Goethe's notes on his ballad of the exiled and restored Count, and the poem itself, are instructive reading. But, after all, the truth, I fancy, is that there are many ways of constructing stories short, and that every single one of them is wrong, except for its owner.

TENNYSON.

Life spoke her mystic secrets in thine ear,
And Art gave to thee thine own Merlin's spell:
While in thy soul, as in an ocean's shell,
God's everlasting music echoed clear.

Robert Adger Bowen.

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IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

CHAPTER I.

ONE SOWS.

"If it be a duty to respect other men's claims, so also is it a duty to maintain our own."

It is in the staging of her comedies that Fate shows herself superior to more human invention. While we with careful regard to scenery place our conventional puppets on the stage, and bid them play their old, old parts in a manner as ancient, she rings up the curtain and starts a tragedy on a scene that has obviously been set by the carpenters for a farce. She deals out the parts with a fine inconsistency, and the jolly-faced little man is cast to play Romeo, while the poetic youth with lantern jaw and an impaired digestion finds no Juliet to match his love.

Fate, with that playfulness which some take seriously or amiss, set her queer stage so long ago as 1838 for the comedy of certain lives, and rang up the curtain one dark evening on no fitter scene than the high road from Gateshead to Durham. It was raining hard, and a fresh breeze from the southeast swept a salt rime from the North Sea across a tract of land as bare and bleak as the waters of that grim ocean. A hard, cold land this, where the iron that has filled men's purses has also entered their souls.

There had been a great meeting at Chester-le-Street of those who were at this time beginning to be known as Chartists, and, the law having been lately passed that torch-light meetings were illegal, this assembly had gathered by the light of a waning moon long since hidden by the clouds. Amid the storm of wind and rain, orators had expounded views as wild as the night itself, to which the hard-visaged sons of Northumbria had listened with grunts of approval or muttered words of discontent. A dangerous game to play, this stirring up of the people's heart, and one that may at any moment turn to the deepest earnest.

Few thought at this time that the movement awakening in the working centres of the North and Midlands was destined to spread with the strange rapidity of popular passion—to spread and live for a decade. Few of the Chartists expected to see the fulfilment of half of their desires; yet to-day half of the People's Charter has been granted. These voices crying in the night demanded an extended suffrage, vote by ballot and freedom for rich and poor alike to sit in Parliament. Within the scope of one reign these demands have been granted.

The meeting at Chester-le-Street was no different from a hundred others held in England at the same time. It was illegal, and yet the authorities dared not to pronounce it so. It might prove dangerous to those taking part in it. Lawyers said that the leaders laid themselves open to the charge of high treason. In this assembly, as in others, there were wire-pullers, men playing their own game, and from the safety of the rear pushing on those in front. With one of these we have to do. With his mistake Fate raised the curtain, and on the horizon of several lives arose a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

Geoffrey Horner lived before his time, insomuch as he was a gentleman-radical. He was clever, and the world heeded not. He was brilliant, well educated, capable of great achievements, and the world refused to be astonished. Here were the makings of a malcontent. A well-born radical is one whom the world has refused to accept at his own valuation. A wise man is ready to strike a bargain with fate. The wisest are those who ask much and then take half. It is the coward who asks too little, and the fool who imagines that he will receive without demanding.

Horner had thrown in his lot with the Chartists in the spirit of pique, which makes some men marry the wrong woman because the right one will have none of them. At the Chester-le-Street meeting he had declared himself as up-

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holder of moral persuasion, while in his heart he pandered to those who knew only of physical force and placed their reliance thereon. He had come from Durham with a contingent of malcontents, and was now returning thither on foot in company with the local leaders. These were intelligent mechanics, seeking clumsily and blindly enough what they knew to be the good of their fellows. At their heels tramped the rank and file of the great movement. The assembly was a subtle foreshadowing of things to come—of Newport and the march of twenty thousand men, of violence and bloodshed, of strife between brethren, and of Justice nonplussed and hesitating.

The toil-worn miners were mostly silent, their dimly enlightened intellects uneasily stirred by the words they had lately heard, their stubborn hearts full of a great hope with a minute misgiving at the back of it. With this dangerous material Geoffrey Horner proposed to play his game.

Suddenly a voice was raised.

"Mates," it cried at the cross-roads, "let's go and smash Pleydell's windows!"

And a muttered acquiescence to the proposal swept through the moving mass like a sullen breeze through reeds. The desire for action rustled among these men of few words and mighty arms.

Horner hurriedly consulted his colleagues. Was it wise to attempt to exert an authority which was merely nominal? The principles of Chartism were at this time to keep within the limits of the law, and yet to hint, when such a course was safe, that stronger measures lay behind mere words. Their fatal habit was to strike softly. In peace and war, at home and abroad, there is but one humane and safe rule: Hesitate to strike; strike hard.

Sir John Pleydell was a member of that Parliament which had treated the Charter with contempt. He was one of those who had voted with the majority against the measures it embodied. In addition to these damning facts he was a large colliery owner and a local Tory of some renown. An ambitious man, as the neighbours said, who wished to leave his son a peerage, Sir John Pleydell was known to be a cold and calculating speculator, originally a solicitor in Newcastle, pausing to help no man in his steady career of self-advancement. To the minds of the rabble this magnate represented the tyranny against which their protest was raised. Geoffrey Horner looked on him as a political opponent and a dangerous member of the winning party. The blow was easy to strike. Horner hesitated—at the cross-roads of other lives than his own—and held his tongue.

The suggestion of the unknown humourist in the crowd commended itself to the more energetic of the party, who immediately turned toward the bye-road leading to Dene Hall. The others, the minority, followed as minorities do, because they distrusted themselves. Some one struck up a song with words lately published in the *Northern Liberator*, and set to a well-known local air.

The shooting party assembled at Dene Hall was still at the dinner-table as the malcontents entered the park, and the talk of coverts and guns ceased suddenly at the sound of their rough voices. Sir John Pleydell, a young-looking man still despite his gray hair and drawn, careworn face, looked up sharply. He had been sitting silently fingering the stem of his wine-glass—a habit of his when the ladies quitted the room—and although he had shot as well as, perhaps better than any present, had taken but little part in the conversation. He had, in fact, only half listened, and when a rare smile passed across his gray face, it invariably owed its existence to some sally made by his son, Alfred Pleydell—gay, light-hearted, *débonnaire*—at the far end of the table. When Sir John's thoughtful eyes rested on his motherless son a dull and suppressed light gleamed momentarily beneath his heavy lids. Superficial observers said that John Pleydell was an ambitious man; "not for himself," added the few who saw deeper.

When his quick mind now took in the import of the sound that broke the outer silence of the night Sir John's glance sought his son's face. In moments of alarm the glance flies to where the heart is.

"What is that?" said Alfred Pleydell, standing up.

"The Chartists," said Sir John.

Alfred looked round. He was a soldier, though the ink had hardly dried

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upon the parchment that made him one —the only soldier in the room.

"We are eleven here," he said, "and two men downstairs. Some of you fellows have your valets, too—say fifteen in all. We cannot stand this, you know."

As he spoke the first volley of stones crashed through the windows, and the broken glass rattled to the floor behind the shutters. The cries of the ladies in the drawing-room could be heard, and all the men sprang to their feet. With blazing eyes Alfred Pleydell ran to the door, but his father was there before him.

"Not you," said the elder man, quiet, but a little paler than usual; "I will go and speak to them. They will not dare to touch me. They are probably running away by this time."

"Then we'll run after 'em!" answered Alfred, with a fine spirit, and something in his attitude, in the ring of his voice awoke that demon of combativeness which lies dormant in men of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"Come on, you fellows!" cried the boy, with a queer, glad laugh, and without knowing that he did it, Sir John stood aside, his heart warm with a sudden pride, his blood stirred by something that had not moved it these thirty years. The guests crowded out of the room, old men who should have known better, laughing as they threw aside their dinner napkins. What a strange thing is man, peaceful through long years, and at a moment's notice a mere fighting devil.

"Come on; we'll teach them to break windows!" repeated Alfred Pleydell, running to the stick-rack. The rain rattled on the skylight of the square hall, and the wind roared down the chimney. Among the men hastily arming themselves with heavy sticks and cramming caps upon their heads were some who had tasted of rheumatism, but they never thought of an overcoat.

"We'll know each other by our shirt-fronts," said a quiet man, who was standing on a chair in order to reach an Indian club suspended on the wall.

Alfred was at the door leading through to the servants' quarters, and his summons brought several men from the pantry and kitchens.

"Come on!" he cried. "Take anything you can find, stick or poker—yes, and those old guns, use 'em like a club. Hit very hard and very often. We'll charge the devils. There's nothing like a charge. Come on!"

And he was already out of the door with a dozen at his heels.

The change from the lighted rooms to the outer darkness made them pause a moment, during which time the defenders had leisure to group themselves around Alfred Pleydell. A hoarse shout, which indeed drowned Geoffrey Horner's voice, showed where the assailants stood. Horner had found his tongue after the first volley of stones. It was the policy of the Chartist leaders and wire-pullers to suggest rather than demonstrate physical force. Enough had been done to call attention to the Chester-le-Street meeting, and give it the desired prominence in the eyes of the nation.

"Get back! Go to your homes!" he was shouting, with upraised arms, when the hoarse shouts of his adherents and the flood of light from the opened door made him turn hastily. In a moment he saw the meaning of this development, but it was too late.

With a cheer Alfred Pleydell, little more than a boy, led the charge, and, seeing Horner in front, ran at him with upraised stick. Horner half warded the blow, which came whistling down his own stick and paralysed his thumb. He returned the stroke with a sudden fury, striking Pleydell full on the head. Then, because he had a young wife and child at home, he pushed his way through the struggling crowd and ran away in the darkness. As he ran he could hear his late adherents dispersing in all directions, like sheep before a dog. He heard a voice calling:

"Alfred! Alfred!"

And Horner, who an hour—nay, ten minutes—earlier had had no thought of violence, ran his fastest along the road by which he had lately come. His heart was as water within his breast, and his staring eyes played their part mechanically. He did not fall, but he saw nothing, and had no notion whither he was running.

Alfred Pleydell lay quite still on the lawn in front of his father's house.

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CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER REAPS.

"Attempt the end and never stand in doubt."

During the course of a harum-scarum youth in the city of Dublin certain persons had been known to predict that Mr. Frederick Conyngham had a future before him. Mostly pleasant-spoken Irish persons, these, who had the racial habit of saying that which is likely to be welcome. Many of them added, "The young divil," under their breath, in a pious hope of thereby cleansing their souls from guilt.

"I suppose I'm idle, and what is worse, I know I'm a fool!" said Fred himself to his tutor, when that gentleman, with a toleration which was undeserved, took him severely to task before sending him up for the Bar examination. The tutor said nothing, but he suspected that this, his wildest pupil, was no fool. Truth to tell, Frederick Conyngham had devoted little thought to the matter of which he spoke—namely, himself, and was perhaps none the worse for that. A young man who thinks too often usually falls into the error of also thinking too much of himself.

The examination was, however, safely passed, and in due course Frederick was called to the Irish Bar, where a Queen's Council, with an accent like rich wine, told him that he was now a gintelman, and entitled so to call himself.

All these events were left behind, and Conyngham, sitting alone in his rooms in Norfolk Street, Strand, three days after the breaking of Sir John Pleydell's windows, was engaged in realising that the predicted future was still in every sense before him, and in no wise nearer than it had been in his mother's lifetime.

This realisation of an unpleasant fact appeared in no way to disturb his equanimity, for as he knocked his pipe against the bars of the fire he murmured a popular air in a careless voice. The firelight showed his face to be pleasant enough, in a way that left the land of his birth undoubted. Blue eyes, quick and kind, a square chin, closely curling hair, and square shoulders bespoke an Irishman. Something, however, in the cut of his lips—something close and firm—suggested an admixture of Anglo-Saxon blood. The man looked as if he might have had an English mother. It was, perhaps, this formation of the mouth that had led those pleasant-spoken persons to name to his relatives their conviction that Conyngham had a future before him. The best liars are those who base their fancy upon fact. They knew that the thoroughbred Irishman has usually a cheerful enough life before him, but not that which is vaguely called a future. Fred Conyngham looked like a man who could hold to his purpose, but at this moment he also had the unfortunate appearance of not possessing one to hold to.

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and held the hot brier bowl against the ear of a sleeping fox-terrier, which animal growled, without moving, in a manner that suggested its possession of a sense of humour, and a full comprehension of the harmless practical joke.

A moment later the dog sat up and listened with an interest that gradually increased, until the door opened and Geoffrey Horner came into the room.

"Faith, it's Horner," said Conyngham. "Where are you from?"

"The North."

"Ah! sit down. What have you been doing up there? tub-thumping?"

Horner came forward and sat down in the chair indicated. He looked five years older than when he had last been there. Conyngham glanced at his friend, who was staring into the fire.

"Edith all right?" he asked carelessly.

"Yes."

"And—the little chap?"

"Yes."

Conyngham glanced at his companion again. Horner's eyes had the hard look that comes from hopelessness; his lips were dry and white. He wore the air of one whose stake in the game of life was heavy, who played that game nervously. For this was an ambitious man, with wife and child whom he loved. Conyngham's attitude toward Fate was in strong contrast. He held his head up and faced the world without encumbrance, without a settled ambition, without any sense of responsibility at all. The sharp-eyed dog on the hearth-rug looked from one to the other. A moment before the atmosphere of the room had been one of ease

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and comfortable assurance—an atmosphere that some men, without any warrant or the justification of any personal success or distinction, seem to carry with them through life. Since Horner had crossed the threshold the ceaseless hum of life in the streets seemed to be nearer, the sound of it louder in the room; the restlessness of that great strife stirred the air. The fox-terrier laid himself on the hearth-rug again, but instead of sleeping watched his two human companions.

Conyngham filled his pipe. He turned to the table where the match-box stood at his elbow, took it up, rattled it, and laid it down. He pressed the tobacco hard with his thumb, and, turning to Horner, said sharply:

"What is it?"

"I don't know yet—ruin, I think."

"Nonsense, man," said Conyngham cheerily; "there is no such thing in this world—at least, the jolliest fellows I know are bankrupts or no better. Look at me—never a brief; literary contributions returned with thanks; balance at the bank, seventeen pounds ten shillings; balance in hand, none; debts, the Lord only knows! Look at me. I'm happy enough."

"Yes; you're a lonely devil."

Conyngham looked at his friend with inquiry in his gay eyes.

"M-m! perhaps so. I live alone, if that is what you mean. But as for being lonely—no, hang it! I have plenty of friends, especially at dividend times."

"You have nobody depending on you," said Horner, with the irritability of sorrow.

"Because nobody is such a fool. On the other hand, I have nobody to care a twopenny curse what becomes of me. Same thing, you see, in the end. Come, man, cheer up. Tell me what is wrong. Seventeen pounds ten shillings is not exactly wealth, but if you want it, you know it is there. Eh?"

"I do not want it, thanks," replied the other. "Seventeen hundred would be no good to me."

He paused, biting his under lip and staring with hard eyes into the fire.

"Read that," he said at length, and handed Conyngham a cutting from a daily newspaper.

The younger man read without apparent interest an account of the Chester-le-Street meeting, and the subsequent attack on Sir John Pleydell's house.

"Yes," he commented; "the usual thing. Brave words followed by a cowardly deed. What in the name of fortune you were doing in that *galère*, you yourself know best. If these are politics, Horner, I say drop them. Politics are a stick, clean enough at the top, but you've got hold of the wrong end. Young Pleydell was hurt, I see—'seriously, it is feared.'"

"Yes!" said Horner significantly, and his companion, after a quick look of surprise, read the slip of paper carefully a second time.

Then he looked up and met Horner's eyes.

"Gad!" he exclaimed, in a whisper.

Horner said nothing. The dog moved restlessly, and for a moment the whole world—that sleepless world of the streets—seemed to hold its breath.

"And if he dies?" said Conyngham at length.

"Exactly so," answered the other, with a laugh of scaffold mirth.

Conyngham turned in his chair, and sat with his elbows on his knees, his face resting on his closed fists, staring at the worn old hearth-rug. Thus they remained for some minutes.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Horner at length.

"Nothing; got nothing to think with, you know that, Geoffrey. Wish I had; never wanted it as I do at this moment. I'm no good, you know that. You must go to some one with brains, some clever devil."

As he spoke he turned and took up the paper again, reading the paragraph slowly and carefully. Horner looked at him with a breathless hunger in his eyes. At some moments it is a crime to think, for we never know but that thought may be transmitted without so much as a whisper.

"The miners were accompanied by a gentleman from London," Conyngham read aloud, "a barrister, it is supposed, whose speech was a feature at the Chester-le-Street meeting. This gentleman's name is quite unknown, nor has his whereabouts yet been discovered. His sudden disappearance lends likelihood to the report that this unknown agitator actually struck the blow which injured Mr. Alfred Pleydell. Every exertion is

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being put forth by the authorities to trace the man, who is possibly a felon and certainly a coward."

Conyngham laid aside the paper and again looked at Horner, who did not meet his glance nor ask of what he was thinking. Horner, indeed, had his own thoughts, perhaps of the fireside—modest enough, but happy as love and health could make it, upon which his own ambition had brought down the ruins of a hundred castles in the air—thoughts he scarce could face, and yet had no power to drive away, of the young wife whose world was that same fireside; of the child, perhaps, whose coming had opened for a time the door of Paradise.

Conyngham broke in upon these meditations with a laugh.

"I have it!" he cried. "It's as simple as the alphabet. This paper says it was a barrister, a man from London, a malcontent, a felon—a coward. Dammy, Geoff, that's me."

He leapt to his feet. "Get out of the way, Jim!" he cried to the dog, pushing the animal aside and standing on the hearth-rug.

"Listen to this," he went on. "This thing, like the others, will blow over. It will be forgotten in a week. Another meeting will be held, say, in South Wales, more windows will be broken, another young man's head cracked, and Chester-le-Street (God-forsaken place; never heard of it) will be forgotten."

Horner sat looking at the young Irishman with hollow eyes, his lips twitching, his fingers interlocked. There is nothing makes so complete a coward of a man as a woman's love. Conyngham laughed as the notion unfolded itself in his mind. He might, as he himself had said, be of no great brain power, but he was, at all events, a man, and a brave one. He stood a full six foot, and looked down at his companion, who sat white-faced and shrinking.

"It is quite easy," he said, "for me to disappear in such a manner as to arouse suspicion. I have nothing to keep me here. My briefs . . . well, the Solicitor-General can have 'em! I have no ties—nothing to keep me in any part of the world. When young Pleydell is on his feet again, and a few more windows have been broken, and nine days have elapsed, the wonder will give place to another, and I can return to my . . . practice."

"I couldn't let you do it."

"Oh, yes, you could," said Conyngham, with the quickness of his race to spy out his neighbour's vulnerable point. "For the sake of Edith and the little devil."

Horner sat silent, and after a moment Conyngham went on.

"All we want to do is to divert suspicion from you now, to put them on a false scent, for they must have one of some sort. When they find that they cannot catch me they will forget all about it."

Horner shuffled in his seat. This was nothing but detection of the thoughts that had passed through his own mind.

"It is easy enough done," went on the Irishman. "A paragraph here and there in some of the newspapers; a few incriminating papers left in these rooms, which are certain to be searched. I have a bad name—an Irish dog goes about the world with a rope round his neck. If I am caught, it will not be for some time, and then I can get out of it somehow—an alibi or something. I'll get a brief, at all events. By that time the scent will be lost, and it will be all right. Come, Geoff, cheer up! A man of your sort ought not to be thrown by a mischance like this."

He stood with his legs apart, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, a gay laugh on his lips, and much discernment in his eyes.

"Oh, d—n Edith!" he added, after a pause, seeing that his efforts met with no response. "D—n that child! You used to have some pluck, Horner."

Horner shook his head and made no answer, but his very silence was a point gained. He no longer protested nor raised any objection to his companion's harebrained scheme. The thing was feasible, and he knew it.

Conyngham went on to set forth his plans, which, with characteristic rapidity of thought, he evolved as he spoke.

"Above all," he said, "we must be prompt. I must disappear to-night; the paragraphs must be in to-morrow's papers. I think I'll go to Spain. The Carlists seem to be making things lively there. You know, Horner, I was never meant for a wig and gown; there's no doubt about it. I shall have a splendid time of it out there."

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He stopped, meeting a queer look in Horner's eyes, who sat leaning forward and searching his face with jealous glance.

"I was wondering," said the other, with a pale smile, "if you were ever in love with Edith."

"No, my good soul, I was not," answered Conyngham, with perfect carelessness; "though I knew her long before you did."

He paused, and a quick thought flashed through his mind that some men are seen at their worst in adversity. He was ready enough to find excuses for Horner, for men are strange in the gift of their friendship, often giving it where they know it is but ill-deserved.

He rattled on with unbroken gaiety, unfolding plans which in their perfection of detail suggested a previous experience in outrunning the constable.

While they were still talking a mutual friend came in, a quick-spoken man, already beginning to be known as a journalist of ability. They talked of indifferent topics for some time. Then the newcomer said jerkily:

"Heard the news?"

"No," answered Conyngham.

"Alfred Pleydell, young fellow who resisted the Chartist rioters in Durham, died yesterday morning."

Frederick Conyngham had placed himself in front of Horner, who was still seated in the low chair by the fire. He found Horner's toe with his heel.

"Is that so?" he said gravely. "Then I'm off."

"What do you mean?" asked the journalist, with a quick look; the man had the manner of a ferret.

"Nothing, only I'm off; that's all, old man. And I cannot ask you to stay this evening, you understand, because I have to pack."

He turned slowly on Horner, who had recovered himself, but still had his hand over his face.

"Got any money, Geoff?" he asked.

"Yes; I have twenty pounds, if you want it," answered the other, in a strangely hoarse voice.

"I do want it—badly."

The journalist had taken up his hat and stick. He moved slowly toward the door, and there pausing saw Horner pass the bank-notes to Conyngham.

"You had better go, too," said the Irishman. "You two are going in the same direction, I know."

Horner rose, and, half laughing, Conyngham pushed him toward the door.

"See him home, Blake," he said. "Old Horner has the blues to-night."

CHAPTER III.

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA.

"No one can be more wise than destiny."

"What are we waiting for? why, two more passengers, grand ladies, as they tell me, and the captain has gone ashore to fetch them," the first mate of the *Granville* barque of London made answer to Frederick Conyngham, and he breathed on his fingers as he spoke, for the northwest wind was blowing across the plains of the Medoc, and the sun had just set behind the smoke of Bordeaux.

The *Granville* was lying at anchor in the middle of the Garonne River, having safely discharged her deck cargo of empty claret casks and landed a certain number of passengers. There are few colder spots on the Continent than the sunny town of Bordeaux when the west wind blows from Atlantic wastes in winter time. A fine powder of snow scudded across the flat land, which presented a bleak, brown face patched here and there with white. There were two more passengers on board the *Granville* crouching in the cabin, two French gentlemen who had taken passage from London to Algeciras, in Spain, on their way to Algiers.

Conyngham, with characteristic good-nature, had made himself so entirely at home on board the Mediterranean trader, that his presence was equally welcome in the forecastle and the captain's cabin. Even the first mate, his present interlocutor, a grim man given to muttered abuse of his calling, and a pious pessimism in respect to human nature, gradually thawed under the influence of so cheerful an acceptance of heavy weather and a clumsy deck-cargo.

"They will be less trouble than the empty casks, at all events," said Conyngham, "because they will keep below."

The sailor shook his head foreboding-ly, and took an heroic pinch of snuff.

"One's as capable of carrying mis-

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chief as the other," he muttered, in the bigoted voice of a married teetotaler.

The ship was ready for sea, and this mariner's spirit was ever uneasy and restless till the anchor was on deck and the hawser stowed.

"There's a boat leaving the quay now," he added. "Seems she's lumbered up forrard wi' women's hamper."

And, indeed, the black form of a skiff so laden could be seen approaching through the driving snow and gloom. The mate called to the steward to come on deck, and this bearded servitor of dames emerged from the galley with up-rolled sleeves and a fine contempt for cold winds. A boy went forward with a coil of rope on his arm, for the tide was running hard, and the Garonne is no ladies' pleasure stream. It is no easy matter to board a ship in mid-current when tide and wind are at variance and the fingers so cold that a rope slips through them like a log-line. The *Granville*, having still on board her cargo of coal for Algeciras, lay low in the water, with both her anchors out, and the tide singing round her old-fashioned hempen hawsers.

"Now see ye throw a clear rope," shouted the mate to the boy, who had gone forward. The proximity of the land and the approach of women—a *bête noire* no less dreaded—seemed to flurry the brined spirit of the *Granville's* mate.

Perhaps the knowledge that the end of a rope, not judged clear, would inevitably be applied to his own person, shook the nerve of the boy on the forecastle; perhaps his hands were cold and his faculties benumbed. He cast a line which seemed to promise well at first. Two coils of it unfolded themselves gradually against the gray sky, and then confusion took the others for herself. A British oath from the deck of the ship went out to meet a fine French explosion of profanity from the boat, both forestalling the splash of the tangled rope into the water under the bows of the ship, and a full ten yards out of the reach of the man who stood, boat-hook in hand, ready to catch it. There were two ladies in the stem of the boat muffled up to the eyes, and betokening by their attitude the hopeless despair and misery which seize the Southern fair the moment they embark in so much as a ferry-boat. The forepart of the heavy craft was piled up with trunks and other impedimenta of a feminine incongruity. A single boatman had rowed the boat from the shore, guiding it into mid-stream, and there describing a circle calculated to ensure a gentle approach on the lee side. This man, having laid aside his oars, now stood, boat-hook in hand, awaiting the inevitable crash. The offending boy in the bows was making frantic efforts to haul in his misguided rope, but the possibility of making a second cast was unworthy of consideration. The mate muttered such a string of foreboding expletives as augured ill for the delinquent. The boatman was preparing to hold on and fend off at the same moment. A sudden gust of wind gave the boat a sharp buffet, just as the man grappled the mizzen-chains; he overbalanced himself, fell and recovered himself, but only to be jerked backward into the water by the boat-hook, which struck him in the chest.

"*A moi!*" cried the man, and disappeared in the muddy water. He rose to the surface under the ship's quarter, and the mate, quick as lightning, dumped the whole coil of the slack of the main sheet on to the top of him. In a moment he was at the level of the rail, the mate and the steward hauling steadily on the rope, to which he clung with the tenacity and somewhat the attitude of a monkey. At the same instant a splash made the rescuers turn in time to see Conyngham, whose coat lay thrown on the deck behind them, rise to the surface ten yards astern of the *Granville*, and strike out toward the boat now almost disappearing in the gloom of the night.

The water, which had flowed through the sunniest of the sunny plains of France, was surprisingly warm, and Conyngham, soon recovering from the shock of his dive, settled into a quick side-stroke. The boat was close in front of him, and in the semi-darkness he could see one of the women rise from her seat and make her way forward, while her companion crouched lower and gave voice to her dismay in a series of wails and groans. The more intrepid lady was engaged in lifting one of the heavy oars, when Conyngham called out in French:

"Courage, mesdames! I will be with you in a moment."

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Both turned, and the pallor of their faces shone whitely through the gloom. Neither spoke, and in a few strokes Conyngham came alongside. He clutched the gunwale with his right hand and drew himself breast-high.

"If these ladies," he said, "will kindly go to the opposite side of the boat, I shall be able to climb in without danger of upsetting."

"If mamma inclines that way, I think it will be sufficient," answered the muffled form, which had made its way forward. The voice was clear and low, remarkably self-possessed, and not without a suggestion that its possessor bore a grudge against some person present.

"Perhaps mademoiselle is right," said Conyngham with becoming gravity, and the lady in the stern obeyed her daughter's suggestion with the result anticipated. Indeed, the boat heeled over with so much good will, that Conyngham was lifted right out of the water. He clambered on board, and immediately began shivering, for the wind cut like a knife.

The younger lady made her way cautiously back to the seat which she had recently quitted, and began at once to speak very severely to her mother. This stout and emotional person was swaying backward and forward, and, in the intervals of wailing and groaning called in Spanish upon several selected saints to assist her. At times, and apparently by way of a change, she appealed to yet higher powers to receive her soul.

"My mother," said the young lady to Conyngham, who had already got the oars out, "has the heart of a rabbit—but yes, of a very young rabbit!"

"Madame may rest assured that there is no danger," said Conyngham.

"Monsieur is an Englishman?"

"Yes; and a very cold one at the moment. If madame could restrain her religious enthusiasm so much as to sit still we should make better progress."

He spoke rather curtly, as if refusing to admit the advisability of manning the boat with a crew of black-letter saints. The manner in which the boat leapt forward under each stroke of the oars testified to the strength of his arms, and madame presently subsided into whispers of thankfulness, having reason, it would seem, to be content with mere earthly aid in lieu of that heavenly intervention which ladies of her species summon at every turn of life.

"I wish I could help you," said the younger woman presently, in a voice and manner suggestive of an energy unusual to her countrywomen. She spoke in French, but with an accent somewhat round and full, like an English accent, and Conyngham divined that she was Spanish. He thought also that under their outer wraps the ladies wore the mantilla, and had that graceful carriage of the head which is only seen in the Peninsular.

"Thank you, mademoiselle, but I am making good progress now. Can you see the ship?"

She rose and stood peering into the darkness ahead, a graceful, swaying figure. A faint scent, as of some flower, was wafted on the keen wind to Conyngham, who had already decided, with characteristic haste, that this young person was as beautiful as she was intrepid.

"Yes," she answered; "it is quite clear. They are also showing lights to guide us."

She stood looking apparently over his head toward the *Granville*, but when she spoke, it would seem that her thoughts had not been fixed on that vessel.

"Is monsieur a sailor?" she asked.

"No; but I fortunately have a little knowledge of such matters—fortunate since I have been able to turn it to the use of these ladies."

"But you are travelling in the 'Granville.'"

"Yes, I am travelling in the 'Granville.'"

Over his oars Conyngham looked hard at his interlocutrice, but could make out nothing of her features. Her voice interested him, however, and he wondered whether there were ever calms on the coast of Spain at this time of the year.

"Our sailors," said the young lady, "in Spain are brave, but they are very cautious. I think none of them would have done such a thing as you have just done for us. We were in danger. I knew it. Was it not so?"

"The boat might have drifted against some ship at anchor and have upset; you might also have been driven out to sea. They had no boat on board the *Granville* ready to put out and follow you."

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"Yes; and you saved us. But you English are of a great courage. And my mother, instead of thanking you, is offering her gratitude to James and John, the sons of Zebedee; as if they had done it."

"I am no relation to Zebedee," said Conyngham, with a gay laugh; "madame may rest assured of that."

"Julia!" said the elder lady severely, and in a voice that seemed to emanate from a chest as deep and hollow as an octave cask, "I shall tell Father Concha, who will assuredly reprove you. The saints upon whom I called were fishermen, and therefore the more capable of understanding our great danger. As for monsieur, he knows that he will always be in my prayers."

"Thank you, madame," said Conyngham gravely.

"And at a fitter time I hope to tender him my thanks."

At this moment a voice from the *Granville* hailed the boat, asking whether all were well and Mr. Conyngham on board. Being reassured on this point, the mate apparently attended to another matter requiring his attention, the mingled cries and expostulations of the cabin-boy sufficiently indicating its nature.

The boat, under Conyngham's strong and steady strokes, now came slowly and without mishap alongside the great black hull of the vessel, and it soon became manifest that, although all danger was past, there yet remained difficulty ahead; for when the boat was made fast and the ladder lowered, the elder of the two ladies firmly and emphatically denied her ability to make its ascent. The French boatman, shivering in a borrowed greatcoat, and with a vociferation which flavoured the air with cognac, added his entreaties to those of the mate and steward. In the small boat Conyngham, in French, and the lady's daughter, in Spanish, represented that at least half of the heavenly host having intervened to save her from so great a peril as that safely passed through, could surely accomplish this smaller feat with ease. But the lady still hesitated, and the mate, having clambered down into the boat, grabbed Conyngham's arm with a large and not unkindly hand, and pushed him forcibly toward the ladder.

"You hadn't no business, Mr. Conyngham," he said gruffly, "to leave the ship like that, and like as not you've got your death of cold. Just you get aboard and leave these women to me. You get to your bunk, mister, and stooard 'll bring you something hot."

There was naught but obedience in the matter, and Conyngham was soon between the blankets, alternately shivering and burning in the first stages of a severe chill.

The captain having come on board, the *Granville* presently weighed anchor, and on the bosom of an ebbing tide turned her blunt prow toward the winter sea. The waves out there beat high, and before the lights of Paullac, then a mere cluster of fishers' huts, had passed away astern, the good ship was lifting her bow with a sense of anticipation, while her great wooden beams and knees began to strain and creak.

During the following days, while the sense of spring and warmth slowly gave life to those who could breathe the air on deck, Conyngham lay in his little cabin and heeded nothing, for when the fever left him he was only conscious of a great lassitude, and scarce could raise himself to take such nourishment as the steward, with a rough but kindly skill, prepared for him.

"Why the deuce I ever came, why the deuce I ever went overboard after a couple of señoras, I don't know," he repeated to himself during the long hours of that long watch below.

Why, indeed? except that youth must needs go forth into the world and play the only stake it owns there. Nor is Frederick Conyngham the first who, having no knowledge of the game of life, throws all upon the board to wait upon the hazard of a die.

(*To be continued.*)

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LONDON LETTER.

Two subjects are being much discussed at present in the literary world here. The first is the question whether publishers should put their stamp upon books issued for review. Many publishers do not. They content themselves with the insertion of a slip. Others write upon the books or stamp them, and sometimes in a very disfiguring way. It is contended that this should no longer be done ; that if a paper notices a book the publisher has the cheapest and most effective form of advertisement, and that he should be content to let his book pass unmutilated into the reviewer's hands. The offending publishers reply by saying that they find their new books put immediately on sale by second-hand booksellers, often not cut, and that this injures the legitimate trade. But something has to be done with these books. An editor must have a very large house and a very catholic taste if he preserves all the books sent to him for review. Often, also, a specialist gets several copies of a book for different papers. I remember sending three copies of one book for different periodicals controlled by me to one reviewer. The reviewer did not estimate highly the value of the book, and sold all the three copies. The publishers found this out by private mark, and complained to me. The incident was annoying to them, but no one was to blame. I think the result will be that all marks will be given over. Publishers in these days cannot fight the press. Whatever may be said of the worth or worthlessness of reviews, there is no author who does not look eagerly for them, and no publisher who can afford to be indifferent to them. A systematic boycott of certain publishers might not tell at the beginning, but it would tell soon in these days of fierce competition.

The other subject is more important. It relates to the custody and return of manuscripts. The multiplication of magazines has not reduced the number of contributions sent to each. The number has been perhaps exaggerated, but it is undoubtedly very large. It is a legal question not yet decided here how far editors are responsible for the care and return of such manuscripts as are found unsuitable. Consequently many editors are putting notices in their papers that they will not return manuscripts sent without previous correspondence. As a rule, however, when a stamped envelope is enclosed, an endeavour is made to send the manuscript back to the author. The point is whether, in cases of accidental loss, the editor is responsible, whether he puts in a notice or not. If this be so, the editor's position is intolerable. The extreme carelessness of many contributors is beyond belief. Many have a practice of sending a story to forty or fifty periodicals in turn. Very often they have never seen the periodical to which they send their contributions. Of course they have not read its rules, and if they did, they would pay no attention. In many cases they do not know its name accurately nor the address of the office. They are content with putting "London" at the bottom, with some approach to the name, and it is often doubtful for what periodical exactly they design their favours. A further exasperating practice is that they frequently do not write their names and addresses on the manuscript. They send a letter saying that a manuscript is coming. In a few days the manuscript arrives. By this time the overworked editor has lost the letter, and he has to keep the manuscript until he receives indignant letters about it. Sometimes inevitably the manuscript disappears. Again, it happens occasionally that a manuscript is sent out for some one to read and never returned. What adds to the annoyance of the business is that successful periodicals hardly depend to any extent nowadays on outside contributions. Both the subjects and the writers of all important articles are chosen by the editors, often years before. It is unwise to neglect the contribution-box, for something may be occasionally found in it, though I have never been so fortunate as to find anything of the slightest importance. But writers ought to keep a copy of their manuscript, in fact, their chances would be much improved if they took pains to imitate Ibsen, and to write over their matter two or three times. It would be a good thing if

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some case of this sort were formally tried one of these days, so that we might know exactly where we stand.

The publication of Mr. Shorter's book on Charlotte Brontë has naturally led to a certain amount of controversy. Mr. Shorter expressed a strong opinion as to the historical character of the traditions collected by Dr. Wright in his racy and entertaining work entitled *The Brontës in Ireland*. Dr. Wright, it will be remembered, contended that these Irish stories were told by Mr. Brontë to his daughters, and that they were partially the groundwork of their novels, particularly of *Wuthering Heights*. Mr. Nicholls, Charlotte Brontë's husband, and Miss Nussey, her surviving friend, both disbelieve the stories, and they have been severely criticised by a writer in the *Westminster Review*. Dr. Wright's reply so far is that many of the traditions were familiar to him from his boyhood, and that others he received from the neighbours. He claims to have given tradition simply as tradition, without guaranteeing it as history. He read an interesting paper at the last meeting of the Brontë Society in Bradford on his view of the question. The controversy is not at an end, and further publications may be expected. The contention of the *Westminster* reviewer is that the traditions are self-contradictory, and therefore valueless. Admirers of the Brontës will watch the development with much interest.

Mr. Barrie, since his return from America, has not been doing much literary work. He has been engaged in the dramatisation of *The Little Minister*, with which he has made good progress. He did not at first intend to do the work himself, but has now taken it in hand, and it may be expected without very long delay.

An addition to the literature about Robert Burns may be expected soon. It will be genuinely new, and will throw considerable light on the poet's life and works. More I am not at liberty to state at present.

A new development in publishing is to be attempted by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly*, *Pearson's Magazine*, and other publications. The idea is to publish new novels at two shillings instead of six shillings. Whether this will be successful or not remains to be seen. Does it follow that if the public buy, say, 3000 copies of a book at six shillings, they will buy, say, 10,000 at two shillings? Obviously they must if the scheme is to be successful. If they buy 40,000 at six shillings, will they buy 120,000 at two shillings? And even if they did, would the author and publisher be in an equally good position? I am exceedingly sceptical on the whole subject. I doubt very much whether the prospects are good. It must be remembered that we have had two-shilling novels by the best authors for many years, and that the sales have not been remunerative. In fact, the wholesale booksellers declare that nothing does worse than the yellow-backs. It is perfectly obvious that an ordinary six shilling volume at two shillings can yield a very small profit. If it is well got up it will cost a shilling to print and bind, and the retailers must have it at one third. Out of this threepence must come the money for the author, the advertising, the travelling, the publishing. Nevertheless, it may be that a new book buying public is to be tapped, and the result will be carefully watched.

The *Westminster Gazette* has been printing a correspondence on reviewing, and various authors and reviewers have been giving their experience. The whole does not seem to count for much. The tax put upon publishers by sending, say, eighty or a hundred copies of their books for reviews is not very serious, and to say the least it is worth paying. Nobody can say precisely what are the effects of reviews any more than they can say what is the effect of advertising. Wise publishers will send books for review, and will advertise, and hope for the best, and that is all that can safely be said.

Ian Maclaren, since his return to England, has been so busily engaged with the affairs of his congregation that he has had very little time for literary work. He has, however, two religious volumes on the stocks, and is preparing the materials for another volume of stories in a somewhat new vein.

I understand that some sensation is likely to be caused by Mr. Crockett's new book, *Lad's Love*. The writer boldly flings down the glove to his critics and the new work is likely to provoke considerable discussion.

The first volume of Mr. Henley's edition of Byron has been published and

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very favourably reviewed. Mr. Henley has thoroughly mastered the subject, and his notes are written with great literary skill. I doubt, however, whether the circulation has been very large; in fact, I disbelieve altogether in the existence of a Byron boom. Mr. Murray is busy getting things ready for his edition, which will undoubtedly be the final one. The executors of Lord and Lady Byron have combined to forbid the publication of all copyright matter. The time, however, is drawing near when certain documents will become available which reveal the secret, whatever it is, of the separation between Lord Byron and his wife. It is known that Lady Byron left her manuscripts and journals for publication, and that they were edited and prepared for the press by an English clergyman, Dr. A. J. Ross. They were, however, suppressed by her representatives, much to the disappointment of many. Lady Byron was a remarkable woman, and had round her at Brighton a remarkable circle, including such men as Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, Dr. George Macdonald, Frederic W. Robertson, and many others. One of George Macdonald's novels is dedicated to her in these words: "To the memory of Lady Noel Byron, I dedicate this volume with a love stronger than death."

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, January 30, 1897.

PARIS LETTER.

The election of a man of letters to the French Academy is usually followed by a republication of some of his works, which are expected to derive increased selling power from the addition to the author's name of the words "de l'Académie Française." It is not a very usual proceeding for a new Immortel to issue at once some new work, which will enable the public to judge whether the Academy was rewarding in him *services passés* or *services présents*. Anatole France has chosen the bolder course, and his taking possession of old De Lesseps's seat has been almost immediately followed by the publication of a new work of his, the first to present itself with the words *par Anatole France, de l'Académie Française*.

The new Academician, when he wrote *L'Orme du Mail* (The Elm on the Mall), cannot have failed to know that he was writing a good thing, or else his critical faculty was not turned upon himself. The book is in France's best vein. It is perhaps the strongest and most penetrating, and certainly the most brilliant thing that has been written about official life in France; although containing no facts, only conversations between a small number of characters, it deserves the inscription placed by the author above the title, "Histoire Contemporaine." It is a book that future historians of our times will certainly not pass by any more than the student of Louis XIV.'s reign can afford to ignore La Bruyère's *Caractères*. The sceptical prefect, the no less sceptical cardinal-archbishop, the ambitious theologians, the soured and unrewarded university professor, the jovial and worldly-wise doctor acquaint us in the most delightful and natural manner with the different modes of looking at things contemporary. One might find some fault with Anatole France for not bringing forward a few more characters imbued with deep convictions; but we know that Anatole France is the La Rochefoucauld of the nineteenth century. He does not easily believe in the existence of deep and disinterested convictions. In fact, I doubt whether he cares much for them at all; and herein lies its chief and least praiseworthy limitation; but we must take him as he is, and such as he is he is a charming writer whose deft light touch leaves no doubt that the Academy made no mistake on the day of his election.

Another much-talked-of book of the most recent days is *Le Jardin Secret*, by Marcel Prévost, which first appeared by instalments in the *Revue de Paris*. Prévost's friends are enthusiastic about it, and offered him a banquet to celebrate his new success; while his critics acknowledge that it is far superior to the *Demi-Vierges*. It certainly shows that Prévost has not yet said his *dernier mot*.

An historical narrative that has all the personal interest of a novel is a com-

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paratively rare thing. Such a thing is found in Gustave Geffroy's book, *L'Enfermé*, which is simply a biography of Auguste Blanqui, the celebrated socialist and conspirator, whose life was almost entirely spent in prison. Such books are usually written by political followers of the hero. Such is not the case here. Geffroy had hitherto given his attention only to pure literature and art. It is the dramatic interest in Blanqui's career, the indomitable strength of will of the man, his unconquerable individuality, that attracted him. His book is a work of art, and may be said to have taken the Parisian public entirely by surprise. It is one of the strongest books of the past few years.

The name of Blanqui brings me to another of the political combatants of years past who has just disappeared, Auguste Rogeard. The man died almost forgotten, and yet he was the author of a masterpiece of political satire, *Les Propos de Labienus*, which he published in 1865, immediately after the coming out of the first volume of the history of Julius Cæsar, of Napoleon III. Well do I remember how eagerly we devoured then the thin pamphlet, the sale of which was soon, of course, forbidden by the imperial government. The circumstances are now almost as completely forgotten as the man ; but the book will live. It contains some of the most finished pages of French prose of this century. Rogeard wrote nothing else that deserves to be mentioned. He remains *homo unius libri*.

We are soon to have an exhaustive study of a curious literary character of this century, Felix Arvers, who was made illustrious by a sonnet. The author of the work, M. Louis Aigoin, knew personally Arvers. He is, therefore, not a very young man, as Arvers died in 1850. In the mean time he publishes a short notice on the famous sonnet, where he establishes that the lady in whose honor it was written was Madame Mennessier, the gifted daughter of Charles Nodier.

Together with his notice M. Aigoin publishes what he calls *des variations sur les rimes du sonnet*. His variations consist of three very clever sonnets, reproducing exactly the fourteen rhymes of Arvers's poem. His first variation is the supposed answer of the lady ; the second an answer by a lady *fin de siècle ;* and the third he calls *le sonnet d'Arvers à revers*. It is a poem having a meaning exactly the reverse of that of Arvers. The whole is a very pretty and very clever *jeu d'esprit*. I think the lovers of French poetry will be glad to retain at least one of M. Aigoin's sonnets, "The Lady's Answer." We give it here together with Arvers's sonnet :

SONNET D'ARVERS.

Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère :
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu.
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.

Hélas ! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire,
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,
Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas.

A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,
Elle dira, lisant ses vers tout remplis d'elle :
"Quelle est donc cette femme ?" et ne comprendra pas.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Ami, pourquoi nous dire, avec tant de mystère,
Que l'amour éternel en votre âme conçu
Est un mal sans espoir, un secret qu'il faut taire,
Et comment supposer qu'Elle n'en ait rien su ?

Non, vous ne pouviez point passer inaperçu,
Et vous n'auriez pas dû vous croire solitaire.
Parfois les plus aimés font leur temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pourtout Dieu mit en nous un cœur sensible et tendre.
Toutes, dans le chemin, nous trouvons doux d'entendre
Le murmure d'amour élevé sur nos pas.

Celle qui veut rester à son de vois fidèle
S'est émue en lisant vos vers tout remplis d'elle :
Elle avait bien compris, . . . mais ne le disait pas.

Among the books in preparation I notice something of a much more ambitious nature : nothing less than a translation of the Bible into Provençal. When I add that the translator, who has been at work on it quite a while, is Frédéric Mistral himself, the lovers of the old idiom of the troubadours will know what a treat is in store for them.

Coppée's *Grève des Forgerons*, perhaps his best poem, has just had a very curious rendering. You know that it is a narrative made by a striking blacksmith

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—of how he committed a murder during the strike. Jules Claretie has had Mounet Sully recite it on the stage of the Théâtre Français. The stage represents the Cour d'Assises; the judges are there, and jurymen, gendarmes, and everything else, so as to make the court scene as realistic as possible, and Monnet Sully, in the dock, as the striker, gives his story to the jurymen. It was a very interesting performance.

Just as I write, the Théâtre Français is preparing to give the first performance of two little plays of decided literary interest, two proverbs destined to go together, by Edouard Pailleron: *Mieux Vaut Douceur* is the title of one, and of the two others *Et Violence.*

Yesterday, at the Académie Française, Pasteur was eulogised by his successor, Gaston Paris. The orator was worthy of his theme. It was a great *séance.*

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, January 29, 1897.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

The letters that have come to us during the past six weeks have been more varied in their topics than usual, though there are just as many persons as ever prowling around with knives in their boots. Before closing our visor and couching our lance we salute them one and all.

I.

A note, purporting to come from Mrs. Israel U. Sage, informs us that her learned husband is indisposed and cannot himself write to us this month. She makes some scattering remarks of a critical nature, presumably suggested by Mr. Sage, though marked by an undercurrent of asperity such as we have never noticed in that gentleman's own communications. We regret to learn of his illness, and trust that it was not induced by his arduous labours over the back numbers of THE BOOKMAN. The fact is, we have long cherished a little theory of our own that the name "Israel U. Sage" is a pleasing pseudonymous cryptogram intended to contain an allusion to "real usage;" and we are also pretty certain that Mrs. Sage is at least first cousin to the celebrated Mrs. Harris. However, we scorn to take any unfair advantage of an invalid, and shall therefore say nothing about this last letter until Mr. Sage recovers the full enjoyment of his remarkable powers of criticism and casuistry.

II.

It is interesting to note how many etymologists are still at large. Whenever we see one of them on the rampage we know that trouble for us is surely brewing. Here is a note from such a person:

"By what indurating process has your literary conscience reached the point where you are able to use again and again, without turning a hair, the word 'caption' in the sense of a heading or title line? The word is not from the Latin noun *caput* ('head'), but from the verb *capere* (to 'take' or 'seize'). In its not uncommon but wholly unjustifiable use when a heading or title is meant it is, as Webster says, an Americanism, and 'not used by our best writers.'"

It is truly kind of our correspondent to shed upon our ignorance the light of his linguistic knowledge; but we venture to remind him that *capere* also means "to contain," and hence the meaning given to "caption" in THE BOOKMAN and elsewhere is etymologically appropriate, a caption being a line which *contains* the condensed expression of what follows. As to its being an Americanism, why should not Americans use Americanisms, we should like to know? And as to Webster's dictum that it is not employed in this sense by "our best writers," Webster wrote that remark before the word had appeared in THE BOOKMAN.

III.

A Rochester reader asks us what three novels by Thomas Hardy are the most generally popular. We reply that, judging from the sales, *Tess* ranks first and *Jude the Obscure* second; but we have no satisfactory data with regard to the question of the third. Personally, we should say *A Pair of Blue Eyes.*

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IV.

A lady wishes us to express an opinion as to the correctness of the phrases "It goes without saying" and "A dinner of twenty covers." We reply unhesitatingly that we see no reason for cavilling at them. They are, of course, importations from the French, and their great convenience fully justifies their use.

V.

Here are two criticisms sent in by a reader who does not favour us with his name :

(1) "On page 485 of your January number ('of Barnum's and of Forepaugh's circi') does not the introduction of the second 'of' restrict you to the singular—'circus'?"

Yes, it does. We were unjustifiably careless ; and our critic scores.

(2) "Why *will* you use the bastard 'lengthy'? Why not use 'strengthy'?"

We certainly should use "strengthy" if we felt like it. It is a fine old English word, as our correspondent may discover if he will consult a lexicon of the language. As to "lengthy," it was a good enough word for Gibbon, in whose writings it first appeared, and it ought to be good enough for our anonymous critic.

VI.

A peremptory postal card from Hagerstown, Md., demands an answer to the question :

"Why is the word 'verse' used in the tenth line of page 478, January number? I was taught to say 'stanza.'"

Because general usage has sanctioned this extension of the original meaning, and allowed the word to be applied to a short division of any composition, prose or poetry—*e.g.*, to the subdivisions of the chapters in the Bible.

VII.

Here is a letter from a reader in Halifax, Nova Scotia :

(1) "DEAR BOOKMAN : Why do you inflict such words as 'rhyparography' and 'amblyopia' upon your readers? Are you colluding with the publishers of dictionaries, and attempting to make a dictionary an indispensable companion to every reader of THE BOOKMAN? The average patron of your magazine dislikes such words ; and they add nothing—but weariness—to the otherwise instructive character of your editorial notes. Give us, instead, the good, plain, direct Saxon words, which carry their meaning in front of them. It is singular that THE BOOKMAN which contained the queer words, had also Brander Matthews's article quoting the comment of Taine on Madame de Lafayette's lucid style. She required no unusual words to paint every requisite shade of meaning, and neither does the editor of THE BOOKMAN when he endeavours to be clear.

"(2) Which expression is correct : 'He graduated' or 'He was graduated'? You speak of Professors Sloane and Wilson as 'graduating,' etc."

(1) Our correspondent evidently does not understand the delight that it gives us to browse over the entire field of the English language, drawing impartially upon all its sources, and exulting in the sense of freedom and spaciousness which this exercise affords. Why enshrine Saxon above the other elements that go to the making of our mother tongue? Unmixed Saxon is good enough for Gurth and Wamba, but it is not nearly good enough for us nor apparently for our correspondent either, inasmuch as we note that nearly all the important words in his letter are of Latin origin. By the way, another individual writes us on the same topic and broaches a theory that we are very young and are trying to show off our vocabulary. But alas ! we are not young. *Pas de chance !*

(2) Both expressions can be justified by good usage, but the latter is more academically exact.

VIII.

Another gentleman writes :

"I find in the January BOOKMAN (page 406) the expression 'the most hyocephalous Briton,' but I do not find 'hyocephalous' in any dictionary. Will you kindly tell me what it means?"

Pigheaded. We thought it more polite to put it in that way.

IX.

A person who is evidently a specialist in microscopy asks :

"Why does the artist who designed the cover for your Christmas number spell George Eliot's name with two 'l's'?"

It was rather queer, wasn't it?

X.

And here is a letter from St. Louis :

"Why does Mr. Hamlin Garland, in his pretty story 'Upon Impulse,' let his Mrs. Blakesly say, 'Nature *don't* work in all cases'? Is the use of 'don't' for 'doesn't' an Americanism?"

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Mr. Hamlin Garland is a realist, and this is the way that Mrs. Blakesly actually talked. It is pretty hard luck if a realist can be held personally responsible for everything that his characters do and say. Think of poor M. Zola in such a case!

XI.

When we made our rule not to return rejected manuscripts even when stamps are enclosed, a good many persons wrote to ask us how we could justify ourselves. So (in the January number) we justified ourselves. Immediately every one of them sent us a transcription of the French proverb *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.* This made them very happy, so that we didn't mind it; but really the proverb applies only to those who defend themselves before they are attacked, and this we haven't done. Letters on this subject still keep pouring in, most of them very long, but adding nothing new to the discussion. One letter, however, raises an ethical question, so that we print it in full for the benefit of the literary world. The writer is evidently a violent sort of person, and we grieve to say that in the course of his letter he employs a wicked, wicked word, which we feel obliged to represent by a dash for the protection of our younger readers.

"Criticising your remarks on page 484 of THE BOOKMAN for January, *re* the return of rejected manuscripts, the point is this: If stamps sufficient to cover the cost of returning manuscript are sent you, and you refuse to return property that does not belong to you—*you are a —— thief!*

"Don't fall back on others or write of precedents, but be man enough to shoulder your own responsibilities.

"Two wrongs don't make a right.

"READER."

Now, as to the principle involved in the point here raised, we assume that after we have given due notice that no manuscripts are returned even when stamps are enclosed, if intending contributors still continue to send us stamps, these are obviously not meant to be returned, but are to be regarded as little offerings to the editors; and as we are not at all proud, we accept them gratefully, for we have a large correspondence, and stamps are always useful. But dear, dear! what a fuss about a few postage-stamps!

XII.

A wise and perspicacious reader pens the following sentiment:

"THE BOOKMAN is journalism of a sublime order."

Thanks.

Several letters remain to be answered at some future time.

NEW BOOKS.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.*

I.

Our generation is not likely to know all that is to be known about Byron. There are probably documents in reserve, in addition to accessible new documents. But Mr. Henley has begun a new edition of his Letters and other remains in prose, with copious and very entertaining notes. Even specialists will find Mr. Henley's notes more than adequate in the matter of biography and elucidation of events and allusions, also as pictures of the age. A few remarks on details are made below. Certainly, if we are to understand Byron, we must understand his *milieu*, "bigoted yet dissolute," with other veracious antitheses. Perhaps one generation is not much more dissolute than another. Byron and his coevals may remind one of the Duke of Wharton and his. Byron could not well be much more dissolute than Wharton, of whom Atterbury was so fond; and Wharton's genius might, perhaps, have rivalled Byron's, if he could have abstained from drink and the service of the king over the water. Both men were young, noble, notorious, full of power—and spoiled. Mr. Henley regards Byron as "the master poet" of the generation, and here I am, in one sense, unable to follow him. Even setting Coleridge, Words-

* The Works of Lord Byron. Edited by W. E. Henley. Vol. I., Letters: 1804–13. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

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worth, and Scott aside as seniors, men of an elder generation, I am obliged to regard Keats and Shelley as poets infinitely greater than Byron. But, as their generation stoned them, while to Byron it listened eagerly, there is a sense in which Byron is undeniably its "master poet." Now the great Byron mystery is not Mrs. Beecher Stowe's legend, nor anything else that can be elucidated by documents, either in Mr. Henley's or in Mr. Murray's promised edition. The real mystery is the division of opinion about Byron's poetical merits. Mr. Henley has Scott, Goethe, Mr. Arnold, and the opinion of Byron's Europe on his side. On mine might be reckoned Thackeray and Mr. Swinburne in his later humour, and, perhaps, the common consent of the little flock which still cares for poetry. All the members of the little flock, to be sure, are not exactly allies with whom one would gladly march through Coventry. A person who ventures to think that Byron, as a poet, was egregiously over-rated, must be content to be called a prig, a sniffer, and so forth. The public which does not read poetry takes Byron for granted, and assumes that these epithets are well deserved. But a man can only say what he thinks! I am as much convinced as Mr. Henley can be of Byron's vigour, his powers of satire, his sensibility to what is great in nature, and to certain captivating ideas, Freedom and the like. On the other hand, I miss in him the indefinable essence of poetry, that which we admire in the great Elizabethans, and Cavaliers, in Milton, and in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson, nay, even in "Miss Byron," Alfred de Musset. Byron seems to me to be, as a writer, a poet of Pope's generation, who has read Scott, lives after the French Revolution, has travelled, and has had adventures. If Wharton (the Duke) could have lived when Byron did, he might have been a poet like Byron, and might have lacked exactly what in Byron one misses. Not only the indefinable poetical essence is absent in Byron, but his *technique*, and even his grammar, are often deplorable. In an essay of Mr. Hayward's, the passages chosen to prove Byron's superiority in lucidity to Tennyson usually defy construction. And these are chosen passages. Byron's blank verse will scarcely be defended by any mortal.

These are enormous drawbacks, yet Byron won almost every contemporary suffrage, and still holds many. Why? This is the Byron mystery. One allows for *réclame*, the *réclame* of Byron's youth, beauty, rank, wit; for his *legend*—the queer romantic tales that Goethe believed. One allows for the novel element, the combination of Scott's still popular measures (very ill done) with Oriental romance, and the gloomy Byronic corsair. One allows for Byron's fine large topics, Greece, the sea, ruined empires, tempest, freedom; and probably the combination of so many obviously captivating things, poetical and personal, carried the contemporaries of Byron off their feet. The tradition swayed Mr. Arnold, but was wasted on Thackeray. A great deal, at lowest, remains to Byron, a unique place in letters, but for that poetic essence which lives in the works of the highest poets, I still think that one looks to Byron in vain. But it is too early to reiterate these heresies, if they are heresies. When Mr. Henley comes to publish Byron's poems, he may be able to convert one, though conversion is difficult in a question determined for every man by intuition.

On Byron's character it is vain to waste words. What character could one expect in a man of his education, position, passions, and hereditary qualities? In his earliest letters we find him damning, boasting of being drunk, and talking about "crim-cons" to a Miss Pigot, with whom he had "a charming friendship." His mother he speaks of in the tone we know, though his letters to "The Honourable Mrs. Byron" (he would call her "Honourable") are not wanting in respect. He was never at ease with his title, as other young men of rank were at ease. He was an inveterate *poseur*; thus he writes of Lords Aberdeen and Elgin,

> "Come, pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see"

in the way of Greek remains. The Pilgrim was really bored by Greek remains. He "unreservedly avowed," says Moore, "the little value he had for these relics of ancient art." He was the same in everything, "that man never was sincere." He had noble impulses, but all was evanescent. He was the *fanfaron* of his vices, and may very well have been less vicious than he pre-

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tended. Mr. Henley thinks he only had, perhaps, one friend, Lord Clare, though so many were anxious to be friendly. Without going into details and disputed points, it is not an amiable character, but nothing short of a moral miracle could have saved a man born and trained as Byron was. Again, Scott, Moore, perhaps Shelley, who knew him, saw him in another and a happier light; while Leigh Hunt (whom I cheerfully hand over to Mr. Henley's mercies) saw him in a worse.

Andrew Lang.

II.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the interest and value of Mr. Henley's notes. They show a minute and intimate knowledge of the men and manners of the first quarter of our century, such as it is likely that few living men possess; and in fact they contain the raw materials and suggestions for a history of that remarkable period which Mr. Henley himself aptly describes in these sentences of his Preface:

"The years whose voice-in-chief was Byron have always seemed to me among the most personal, so to speak, as they are certainly the worst understood in the national existence. They were years of storm and triumph on all the lines of national destiny; and they gave to history a generation at once dandified and truculent, bigoted yet absolute, magnificent but vulgar (or so it seems to us), artistic, very sumptuous and yet capable of astonishing effort and superb self-sacrifice. It was a generation bent above all upon living its life to the uttermost of its capacity; and though there are still those living who can remember when its master-poet was gathered to his fathers, so great a change has come upon his England in the interval between the obsequies at Hucknall Torkard and the writing of this Preface, that it is practically not less remote from ours than the England of Spenser and Raleigh."

In the preparation of his notes, Mr. Henley has drawn upon the most varied sources of information—upon memoirs and letters, upon histories and newspapers, upon squibs and pasquinades and popular songs and pamphlets, and upon private sources that are available to very few. The result is extraordinarily interesting, and brings up most vividly an environment whose contemplation justifies Mr. Henley's view of its intellectual and social remoteness from our own generation. In many respects it is much nearer to the England of Swift than to the England of Tennyson. Take this bit, for instance, from Mr. Henley's account of that strange personality, Lady Caroline Lamb, afterward Lady Melbourne, whose relations with Byron formed only one of her innumerable escapades. Mr. Henley quotes from her own story of her first meeting with Lord Byron:

"Rogers and Moore were standing by me. I was on the sofa; I had just come in from riding. I was filthy and heated. When Lord Byron was announced I flew out of the room to wash myself. When I returned, Rogers said: 'Lord Byron, you are a happy man. Lady Caroline has been sitting in all her dirt with us; but when you were announced she flew to beautify herself.'"

One can scarcely turn a page without finding something of curious interest relating to every possible sphere of life, the highest as well as the lowest. Here are the contemporary annals of the prize-ring, in which Mr. Henley is evidently deeply learned. Here is a sketch of the career and personality of Lord Yarmouth, afterward Marquis of Hertford, whom Disraeli drew as Monmouth in *Coningsby*, and whom a greater than Disraeli consigned to a fearful immortality as Lord Steyne in *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Henley points out that these two delineations of the same dissolute noble are not only both masterpieces but masterpieces that supplement each other, in that Disraeli dwells more upon the magnificence of his subject, while Thackeray, whose picture will always be uppermost in the reader's mind, gives us rather the debauched patrician, an awesome figure with red hair and jarring voice and gleaming tusks. How he left to John Wilson Croker (who figures in Thackeray as Mr. Wenham) over £20,000, while the Countess Zichy and his other mistresses got more than £200,000; how his valet, who appears in *Vanity Fair* as M. Fiche, enriched himself with a sum almost as large; how the Marquis once kicked the Prince of Wales, and how a contemporary lampoon (which Mr. Henley quotes) described this and many other odd but characteristic details, are all set down in full.

Mr. Henley devotes much space to Thomas Moore, and has the courage and the honesty to do full justice to his powers as a writer of light, brilliant, and scarifying insolence, and to the exquisite rhythmical quality of his songs. Leigh Hunt is flayed in a most savage

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manner; but after all, the harshest things set down by Mr. Henley are not his own but are quotations from Keats and Moore, and from Byron himself, upon whom this insolent yet fawning creature fastened like a leech and finally, as Sir Walter Scott declared, exhumed and rent like a hyena—after which utterances the picture of him as Harold Skimpole, drawn by Dickens in *Bleak House*, seems almost complimentary. Mr. Henley deals with Lady Byron in a spirit of fairness and self-restraint; and while giving a sufficiently full account of Mrs. Leigh, furnishes no information upon which the tooth of scandal can seize. He dismisses the notorious charges of Harriet Beecher Stowe with terse contempt.

Altogether this, the first volume of Mr. Henley's great work, is a remarkable and fascinating one, and it is earnestly to be hoped that at some day or other the author may be induced to expand his wealth of materials into a well-rounded and symmetrical history of the later Georgian era in which lived (to quote again from Mr. Henley), "the sole English poet bred since Milton to leave a master-influence on the world at large."

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE RELATION OF LITERATURE TO LIFE.*

"Mere literature will keep us pure and keep us strong." So said Professor Woodrow Wilson in 1893, and now Mr. Warner antedates the sentiment in his recently published essay, written ten years ago. The exact relation of literature to life is with difficulty ascertained when one assumes so much at the start. Like every other observer whose preconceptions amount to idealisation, Mr. Warner finds about what he wishes to find in the homes of the poor. If it were true, as he asserts, that "the majority of mankind live largely in the imagination," that "the light of poetry is diffused over the English peasant and English operative," that it is the "clear, literary quality" of the Bible that "supplies the want in the human mind which is higher than the want of facts or knowledge," why, then, literature would have a chance to keep people pure and strong, and poetry would be "as necessary to the universal man as the atmosphere," and the race would be animalised by its abstraction. Fortunately, neither the premises nor the conclusion are necessary for the support either of our confidence in human nature or of that calling whose difficulty, Mr. Waugh nobly says, is its glory. Mr. Warner has wit in several degrees of puissance from satire to puns, but there is evidence here, no less than in *The Golden House*, that he lacks a correspondingly large sense of humour. The conception of the every-day functions of literature peeking out from these pages recalls the ravages of the same in Chicago as depicted by Eugene Field:

"It would be hard to imagine a prettier picture than that presented to my vision as I looked in from the porch upon the doctor's family, gathered together in the library after dinner. The doctor himself, snuggled down in a vast easy-chair, was dividing his attention between a briar pipe and the odes of Propertius; his wife, beside him in her rocker, smiled and smiled again over the quaint humour of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford;* upon yonder settle, Francis Mahoney Methuen, the oldest son, was deep in the perusal of Wilson's *Tales of the Border;* his brother, Russell Lowell, was equally absorbed in the pathetic tale of *The Man Without a Country;* Letitia Landon Methuen, the daughter, was quietly sobbing over the tragedy of *Evangeline;* in his high chair sat the chubby baby boy, Béranger Methuen, crowing gleefully over an illustrated copy of the grand old classic, *Poems for Infant Minds by Two Young Persons.*"

Nowhere but in ancient Athens (outside of Chicago) was there ever a public that knew instinctively the finer beauties of expression, and hungered for them when they were not accessible. It cannot be denied that the *Antigone* and the *Prometheus* were written for a popular, not a literary, audience. Taking a wide and charitable view of the American public, it may be said, I think, that the relation of literature to life is not, actually or potentially, what Mr. Warner would have it. Mr. William Winter is nearer the mark when he says: "The people care not at all for literature. They do not read it, and they know nothing about it until it is brought home to their hearts by some great interpreter of it. What they do know is

* The Relation of Literature to Life. By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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action," and hence they take more delight in the theatre and the newspaper than in books. Those who frequent the east side of New York or London's Whitechapel don't find "the people" perusing Longfellow and Tennyson to any extent. They worship at other shrines—the shrines of mixed ale, and cold slaw, and needlework on shirts and "pants." If they are sometimes caught worshipping at distinctively literary shrines, they let others do the reading. "The appraisal of the past is ever the work of the few," says Zangwill. The penny newspaper has a more vital because a more timely and exciting interest. The extinction of literature might for the moment create a panicky feeling in the American mind, justifying one in applying to it the hyperbole of Choate upon the death of Webster (cited by Mr. Warner) that "the sailor on the distant sea would feel less safe;" and one might be further justified, for the purposes of present exhilaration, in rushing to Longfellow's conclusion that "but for such men, a blast of wind through the chinks and crannies of this old world, or the flapping of a conqueror's banner, would blow it out forever." But every one knows, and Mr. Warner knows, that the world is not constructed on this tumblefication plan, and that the roving sailor or the Hindoo woman on the Ganges would enjoy the same calm self-complacency if the creators of literature and literature itself were effaced from the earth.

The only other paper that reopens a really live question is the one on "Modern Fiction," which, if I remember rightly, the late Professor Boyesen said he "couldn't understand" when it first appeared. So much thinking has been done out loud on this subject since then that Mr. Warner still, assuming it to be "one of the great privileges of fiction to right the wrongs of life," has the charm of originality. Evidently Mr. James's eloquence anent "the immitigability of our moral predicament" and the realists' insistence that we should truthfully reflect it, and Tolstoy and Turgénieff and D'Annunzio, have left Mr. Warner serene and undisturbed. He cannot see that a report of "ordinary talk" is worth writing or worth reading. "I do not call *that* a story!" he says, in a burst of boyish abhorrence. In fact, there is a certain naïveté of expression about all this that is very diverting. To him "Art for Art's sake" implies a want of enthusiasm and sympathy. No selfishness is so supreme as that of the preoccupied sort that is able to look upon the intellectual poverty of the world without a wish to relieve it. I fear that the novelists of next century will not so unhappily blend the traits of the moralist and the artist as does Mr. Warner. It is ingrained in the soul of nearly every young artist of to-day that his first concern is not "What is right?" but "What is true?" or "What is beautiful?" He does not go to work to create a conventional theodicy in his novels, but, with unblurred vision, simply attempts to reflect some part of the irregular patchwork of human life. He knows that his is not the only conscience in the world, and trusts that other people, who clamour to see justice done here and now, and who may even be preoccupied with moral as he is with artistic questions, will enter a protest at the proper time. This, to my mind, is a fair statement of the attitude of the aspiring artist toward his work and his public. Of course it is diametrically opposed to Mr. Warner's Gospel of Art.

In his treatment of a big subject, like either of these, I feel in some way that he is never quite serious—except in tone—and finical, not to say whimsical, rather than convincing. This may be partially a matter of form. In his longer essays the paragraph structure is so fragmentary as to prevent a full circulation of blood in all the members. Each part does not tingle, as it should, with the conception of the whole. So, at a particular point of his progress, it is not always clear what he is "driving at," and at the end one is pleased to discover that the whole is a well fitted mosaic. This is not garrulity nor discursiveness, but an imaginative writer's logic. He merely correlates things which cannot be separated in reality, but which are often far apart in superficial minds. Because the essays do not have a trenchant editorial ring, some will undoubtedly declare them "diffuse."

For my own part, I infinitely prefer Mr. Warner in his short essays selected from the Editor's Drawer, where their very compression have made for allusiveness and sparkle. "As We Were Saying" is the quintessence of a whole life, and dulls the critic's appreciation

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of everything else Mr. Warner has done, however informing or sincere. The wit and satire of that little volume, meted out with the swiftest and lightest of touches, place it well within the province of Literature of Power. But, alas! such spikenard loses its fragrance when it is unbottled and spilt over a wide surface. One feels that the Macaulayan essay is not Mr. Warner's *métier*, he can do at least one thing else so much better.

Till I took up this volume I had no adequate notion of Mr. Warner's resourcefulness as a preacher. Under slightly different circumstances he might have been pressed into the service of the Church with as little wrench as were Drs. T. T. Munger and Lyman Abbott, with the latter of whom, by the way, he perfectly agrees in claiming (p. 82) that governments derive their power not "from the consent of the governed," but from God. At the very least, Mr. Warner might have been a great teacher. There are hortatory and didactic earmarks all over this beautiful volume. "What is scholarship?" "What is the Bible?" are some of the questions that open paragraphs. "Let us" this, and "Let us" that, he urges. The following would be enigmatical in spoken discourse: "By books? Yes. By the newspaper? Yes. By the diffusion of works of art? Yes." "And this," he exclaims, "is called a picture of real life! Heavens!" And (p. 252) "with a shudder he recognised what a peril he had escaped. Great Scott!" Where did you last meet with these expletives and mannerisms, gentle reader? In the pulpit, of course. Mr. Warner is a Puritan and a New Englander first of all. Once upon a time it occurred to him to query if the Empress Theodora was "orthodox," and he was shocked to discover "vegetable total depravity" in his garden! One may well be awed in considering what a substratum of earnestness and gumption supports the lightest play of wit. His is no crystallisation of breath on the window-pane; it is the tracery of delicate lily-work or spiral fluting about a Romanesque column. Those who "wheel through the air in circling eddies," please take notice. Lowell and Higginson and Warner built on the foundations.

The book before us, then, affords an interesting glimpse of Mr. Warner's own development. It gives the processes of thought and workmanship which led to the finished product of his latter years. It can hardly be accepted as a retrospective view of the literary or humanitarian topics which have occupied the world in the last three decades, nor as highly suggestive regarding the questions of the hour. For those who prefer consummate results to processes *Harper's Magazine* is ever open. Mr. Warner is happier there nearly every month than he is here. There his motto seems to be, "Let us make the world pleasant and throw a cover over the refuse." Here he as much as says, "My dear knight, Mæcenas, you shall drink at my house the ignoble Sabine wine in sober cups, which I myself sealed up in a Grecian cask. *Nota bene*, however, that down cellar there is the Cæcuban and the juice of that grape which is squeezed in the Calenian press."

The volume comprises ten essays, varying from fourteen to forty-two pages in length, and written at intervals from 1872 to 1890. The first very properly, if somewhat prosaically, gives the book its title. This is, too, the only one that has not been printed before. There is nothing finer in the collection than the brief paper on "Simplicity." Like Hawthorne, Mr. Warner loves to retouch the old classical myths. This time it is Nausicaä, but should it have been Musidora or Galatea, he could just as gracefully and daintily have brought her to life, and used her to adorn a moral. The other essays are about Equality, Scholarship, Modern Fiction, Mr. Froude's *Progress*, the Relation of England and of English Criticism to the United States, the Relation of the Newspaper and the Novel to the Common School, and finally, A Night in the Garden of the Tuileries, which was written the same year as *Saunterings*. It was intended to be a "hair-curler," but from lack of restraint it leaves the reader unimpressed and the writer dishevelled. It was evidently composed too soon after the experience for Mr. Warner to take that objective point of view which nowadays is held to be the chief solace and inspiration of the journalist, and which certainly tends to an exasperating candour in the discussion of vexed questions.

George Merriam Hyde.

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THE BABYLONIAN TALMUD.*

No work in the literature of the world has had so unfortunate a history as has the Talmud. It has suffered from blandiloquence, on the one hand, and traducement on the other. It has remained for Mr. M. L. Rodkinson to fill its cup of woe to the brim by making it the object of a mystification. The title-page promises to the subscribers the "original text edited, formulated, and punctuated;" and the preface explains the somewhat unintelligible word "formulated" to mean the excision of all "irrevelant matter" and all "accretions." This is hanging out false colours. The accompanying prospectus excites the expectation of "an exhaustive, systematic, and philologically accurate text." This is wilfully throwing sand in the eyes of people to whom the text itself is a sealed book. Mr. Rodkinson's previously published pamphlets—which he grandiloquently describes in the prospectus as "twenty-two published theological works"—show that his early training has been such as to rob him of the very faculty of appreciating the first principles of scientific philological work. To have studied the Talmud as a purely religious exercise—even for forty years—does not necessarily make a man a Talmudic scholar. The excision of "irrevelant matter" does not lead to an "original" text; the irrelevant may be as original as the relevant. The canon of Mr. Rodkinson's judgment as between what is original and what is added, is based on nothing but the whim of Mr. Rodkinson's moments. It is pure fancy. In performing these acrobatic feats of jumping from one passage to another, Mr. Rodkinson has obliterated the true character of the Talmud, as certainly as he has misstated its theological point of view when he says that "it knows no authority but conscience and reason. It is the bitterest enemy of all superstition and all fanaticism." The subscribers to the work will, then, understand that they are getting extracts—and not necessarily the best—from the Talmud; and not *the* Talmud, as both prospectus and title-page lead them to expect.

In the prospectus referred to, Mr. Rodkinson shores up his work with endorsements from five leading Rabbinical authorities in this country. It is proper that those who may be inveigled into subscribing for the "ten to twelve volumes in English and four volumes in Hebrew" should know that two of these authorities, Dr. K. Kohler, in New York City, and Dr. B. Felsenthal, in Chicago, have publicly condemned Mr. Rodkinson's work on the Talmud, and have withdrawn their support. I am authorised to do so also in the case of Dr. M. Jastrow, the learned author of the *Talmudic Dictionary*, which the Messrs. Putnam's Sons are now publishing. From the rest of the learned world the strongest criticism has come in the form of complete silence. One can only feel sorrow that the Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise, the venerable head of the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, has allowed the "bowels of compassion" to influence him to such a degree as to cause him publicly to countenance that which, I am sure, his better judgment must condemn.

The Talmud will always remain a difficult book to understand, perhaps the most difficult which the hand of man has ever written; and no amount of "punctuation" and "formulation" will make the rough places smooth. To be able to read the Talmud in any language but the original is a forlorn hope. No amount of translation will lubricate the intellectual wheels of one who would have an understanding of its contents for the mere asking. The Talmud is not a law-book. It is a minute-book, not only of practical legal discussions, but also of non-practical casuistic controversies which often had but a remote bearing upon questions of actual life; a vitascope in which the changing paper-war of syllogism and paralogism is either hurried before us or long drawn out, according to the varying whims of the legal big-wigs in session.

Of what use to the world, then, these "ten or twelve" volumes? Those of my brethren who search in the Talmud, and find there rules of conduct and lines of faith, from out the maze and jungle of discussion, will have none of it served up on linen paper with uncut edges and in a language which even the

* A New Edition of the Babylonian Talmud, English Translation; the Original Text Edited, Formulated, and Punctuated by Michael L. Rodkinson; Revised and Corrected by the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise. Vol. I. Tract Sabbath. New York: New Amsterdam Book Company.

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ten lost tribes could not understand, all the "Identification Societies" notwithstanding. Those who do not so search, but who look upon its tomes as an interesting monument of bygone mental and literary activity, will be content to have a copy un-"punctuated" and un-"formulated," bound in morocco, tooled, and gilt-edged, behind the glass doors of their so-called libraries. Students, however, will be glad enough to tread the dusty roads of former times, and to finger the dog-eared pages over which their fathers bent their backs double. The other class—not of the house of Israel—who use the "Rabbi Talmud" of their evil imaginings as Don Quixote did his windmills, and hope that the dirt thrown upon the dead may bespatter the living—not even "twenty to twenty-two" volumes of translation will make their wish any less the father to their thought. But if we must enter the lists against such as these, let us always strike above the belt. To say, as does Mr. Rodkinson, that certain portions of the Talmud, which do not come up to what we to-day think right and proper, are "additions made by the enemies of the Talmud," is not only to make a statement quite unfounded upon any serious argument, but tacitly to assume the position, and a most dangerous position it is, that we are to-day responsible for the utterances of every one who happened to write in Hebrew or to have been born a Jew.

What the outside world wants from Rabbinical scholars is a careful presentation of the Talmudic system of law and theology, and a well-equipped student can here do yeoman's work.

But Mr. M. L. Rodkinson cannot.

Richard Gottheil.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.*

A witch of Andover once wrote to a novice who had removed from Berlin to a western city with a full course of lectures on Æsthetics and the History of Philosophy stowed away in his valise, "I fear you will not find the people hungering for the higher learning." That we do not is perhaps rather surprising when it is recalled how, in the days of Aquinas and Duns Scotus, blood was shed over the empty problems of nominalism and realism, and edicts were published forbidding the discussion of them on the street corners. If the people could realise that Dr. Santayana's book touches their lives at a thousand points, whereas the scholastic dispute about how many angels could dance on the point of a needle pertains to the flesh at only one point; if they could see in it the promise of the existence of the physical world to the individual as well as a salutary mental discipline, they would board and scuttle every last edition the Scribners might produce. But it is notorious that an eyelid hides the sky, and those who have eyes and see not naturally overlook the outstretched remedial hand.

> "An idle poet, here and there,
> Looks round him; but for all the rest,
> The world, unfathomably fair,
> Is duller than a witling's jest."

He who tarries may here read why the stars are beautiful; why "home" is a concept of happiness; why the obligation to enjoy one's self is absurd; why nothing is objectively impressive; why criticism and idealisation involve each other; why a gay prison and a prison-like church fail to appeal; why we smile when Punch beats Judy in the puppet show; why beauties are incompatible; why a sense of form is Heaven's last gift to a creative mind. And if one go to the author to get his meaning, not one's own, one will find an agreeable suggestiveness in such *obiter dicta* as the following: Perfection is a synonym of finitude; no man is a specialist with his whole soul; to love glass beads because they are beautiful is barbarous, to love jewels only because they are dear is vulgar; a beautiful voice will redeem a vulgar song, a beautiful colour and texture an unmeaning composition; it is possible to fail to sympathise with the struggling sailors because we sympathise overmuch with the winds and waves; character can never be observed except as it is manifested in action.

These are but a tithe of the matters alluded to by way of elucidation, and in following the craggy ridge of the author's argument one is mightily refreshed to stumble upon such flower-besprent crevices. But if one discern the tenor and import of this book he

* The Sense of Beauty. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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will not pause long by the wayside. He will become vaguely aware that while the author sticks manfully to his discussion of Form, and the Nature, Materials, and Expression of Beauty, eschewing even the more accessible ground of the history and philosophy of art, he has likewise made an extremely flattering simplification of many questions within the province of ethics and metaphysics.

Whereas æsthetic judgments are mainly perceptions of good, moral judgments, he says, are mainly perceptions of evil. Conscience in reality speaks by the authority of the dreadful evils to which our nature is exposed—death, hunger, disease, weariness, isolation, and contempt. Morality is therefore plainly utilitarian, a means and not an end. "It is the price of human non-adaptation, the consequence of the original sin of unfitness." Remove danger, pain, etc., and "thou shalt not" becomes an impertinence. In a sense, morality is work, servitude; the activity of the imagination, play, freedom. In the play of the imagination we reach the good that is good in itself and for its own sake; morality is good because it is useful, good only because of the excellence of its consequences. It is only in the spontaneous activity of his faculties that man finds himself and his happiness. Æsthetic delight, therefore, alone has "value."

It is suggested that perhaps the finest flower of human nature is the æsthetic demand for the morally good—that is, where such morally useful ends as cleanliness, truthfulness, honour, are consecrated by one's own constitutional sensitiveness. On the other hand, the extent to which æsthetic "goods" should be sacrificed is a moral question.

Beauty is defined as "pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing." The question seems to be, Is a thing beautiful because it is agreeable, or agreeable because it is beautiful? Is honey sweet because it tickles the palate, or do we like it because it is sweet? Dr. Santayana prefers the former statement; and while the reviewer does not for a moment pit his knowledge against that of the author, he would ask (merely for information) if thus to put the cause for the effect is not rather Berkleyan. Or was it Spinoza who said that we desire nothing because it is good, but it is good because we desire it?

One may pleasantly occupy one's self for several hours in discovering, on the basis of the present volume, whether or not Dr. Santayana is a Berkleyite. "The web of things which our intelligence is always busily spinning" points to the affirmative. "As truly objects as chairs and tables" counts one for the negative, which is promptly lost in the whirl of the adjacent statement that "the real world is merely the shadow of that assurance of eventual experience which accompanies sanity." Finally the needle reasserts itself, and the compass is boxed in the sentence "The essence of a thing is its existence in our absence."

But beauty aside, the above ethical simplification, which doubtless comprises the veriest commonplaces of modern philosophy, gives the work an atmosphere of generous candour and absolute freedom. Here at last is an American writer who commits himself, be it ever so incidentally, to moral evolution; and who confesses, be it never so playfully, that he has wallowed "in Epicurus's sty" long enough to be thankful for the perception of "any inkling of divinity" in the external world. "Such transcendent realities, if they exist, can have nothing to do with our ideas of them." He modestly believes that in planning his "Outlines of Æsthetic Theory" from this point of view he has "studied sincerity rather than novelty." That the reader may be "enabled to compare what is said more directly with the reality of his own experience," Dr. Santayana has omitted references to writers, both living and dead, "to whom no honour could be added by his acknowledgments." This arrangement, while probably not intended as a practical joke on the reviewer, makes it doubly laborious to ascertain Dr. Santayana's place among his contemporaries, and in the eyes of many, we fear, will emphasize the novelty at the expense of the sincerity and sanity of his views. It is possible the Platonists do "turn their discoveries into so many revelations," and that "the veil of the absolute and infinite soon covers their little light of specific truth;" it may be that there is "no explanation in calling beauty an adumbration of divine attributes;" but we certainly are entitled to the precise pedigree of this criticism. There are re-

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vered names among "the Platonists." And convicts of a prior state don't embark on a new galley without full information as to their bodyguard.

These glimpses into Dr. Santayana's well-rounded philosophy are of course no criterion of the book in question, which from *a* to *z* is a disquisition on æsthetics. Its last sentence should quiet all fears regarding his essential soundness and optimism. "Beauty," he says, "is a pledge of the possible conformity between the soul and nature, and consequently a ground of faith in the supremacy of the good."

Whoever takes up this attractive volume as one Russell Sullivan said he did Longfellow, "to read a few pages before sitting down to dinner so as to be in a comfortable frame of mind for his meal," is going to be disappointed. It is no cocktail; it is no *vade mecum*. It is capable of expansion into two large volumes sold at the usual prohibitive price. It would be more "popular," however, if thus expanded. As it is, many a paragraph breaks off just where it begins to be interesting, and the reader hungers for the wealth of illustration which he feels is pitifully hoarded in the mind of the writer. It is indeed a pity that, possessing that rare grip on his subject which forbids diffuseness, he should, in his eagerness to condense the best that has been said and add a "last word" of his own, have so sacrificed decorative to structural motives. Mr. E. S. Dallas's *Gay Science*, or Professor Everett's *Poetry, Comedy, and Duty*, or Mr. William Archer's *Masks or Faces*, or even Dr. Samuel Harris's pious books, while they may not have thrilled metaphysicians in their day, leave the unlearned reader pleasantly aware that philosophy is not as "harsh and crabbed" as dull fools suppose. On perusing one of these books, a money-grabbing American is haunted by the thought that although its theme cannot "make a Juliet," "displant a town," or "reverse a prince's doom," it is still worthy of "some attention." Who will write the broadly convincing book? University professors can and will not; Mr. I. Zangwill et Cie. *possunt quia posse videntur*. One is about as sure of the goods being delivered as of Professor Fiske's or Hall Caine's *Life of Christ*.

Notwithstanding his insistent, cloud-compelling logic, Dr. Santayana has his strongest hold on the imagination. With a far-reaching literary and artistic background, and the knack of seeing things objectively and picturesquely, he tucks away in the interstices of his book matter of a distinctly entertaining value, which, as has already been hinted, might have been quadrupled in quantity but for his self-repression. A man who can remark, by the way, that "the human mind is a turbulent commonwealth," that education is "to multiply discriminations," that Whitman speaks of leaves of grass not flowers, drum-taps not music, the average man not the hero, and thus "by an effort to show us everything as a momentary pulsation of a liquid and structureless whole" stirs the imagination, should handle diagrams of physiological psychology charily, and the concepts of inductive logic with moderation. There is an Emersonian vein, too, on page 221 which might be worked to advantage.

A few trifles may be mentioned in conclusion. He uses the expression "comparatively permanent and universal." "The plastic arts" are several times made to include painting; witness the Introduction, where the "plastic arts with poetry and music" of the second sentence is resumed in the "fine arts" of the third sentence. It cannot be that in the first instance he meant to leave painting out in the cold. The repetition involved in the use of synonyms rather than pronouns, where the latter is possible, as in the above sentence and the following snatch of *quasi* prose-poetry: "The spectacle of nature. . . gives us back our birthright as children of the planet, and naturalises us upon the earth"—this sort of thing is not consonant in the long run with simplicity. There is the intentional omission of a comma on page 148—lest we be "cloyed with Grecian perfectness."

G. M. H.

THE WIZARD.*

The days of miracles are not yet past. Mr. Rider Haggard has written a tract. "Is it still possible," he asks, in the beginning of the first chapter of *The Wizard*,

"'to the Voice of Faith calling aloud upon the

* The Wizard. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

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earth to wring from the dumb heavens an audible answer to its prayer? Does the promise uttered by the Master of mankind upon the eve of the end—"whoso that believeth on Me, the works that I do he shall do also . . . and whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do"—still hold good to such as do ask and do believe?'"

This is a rather leading question even for an archbishop to answer; when, therefore, a novelist of fire and thunder, such as Rider Haggard, intimates that he is about to prove that the promise uttered does hold good, the reader, confident that his answer will be as remarkable as his question, is mildly curious to see what is going to happen.

Thomas Owen, an English minister, with a good living, a cellar full of old wine and an incipient love-affair, having heard of the murder of a missionary in Central Africa, by the "Sons of Fire," a particularly ferocious tribe of heathen, finds that the Voice of Faith irresistibly impels him to convert them. So, abandoning his good living and his good wine, and leaving behind him the young lady who returns his affection, he sets out, with an admirable spirit of self-sacrifice, for the land of the Sons of Fire.

Two years have gone by, and from the rectory in a quiet English village we pass to a scene in Central Africa. And now how shall the savages be converted? That is simple. Our missionary has had it disclosed to him in a dream that the heathen king is about to be poisoned, and that an antidote for the poison to be used may be found growing on a certain tree; by means of which knowledge, so kindly and opportunely furnished him, because he has had sufficient faith in the "promise uttered by the Master," the king is saved and Christianity glorified. After this we are plunged into a whirlpool of fire and flood, thunder and lightning, howls of savages and clash of spears, bloodshed and poisoning *ad nauseam*, out of which Christianity somehow comes forth victorious over heathenism every time.

Then at last, as a final means of testing which of the two faiths is the more satisfactory, the missionary, with two converted Sons of Fire on the one side, and a small but select gathering of the heathen on the other, fares forth in an extremely severe thunderstorm to see which group will be struck by lightning. The missionary and his disciples stand beneath a cross which they have erected (having no lightning-rod, the reader is pleased to observe, for the missionary would not, he announces, be so distrustful as to put up one), while the heathen all around, arrayed in snakeskin dresses, perform magic incantations. The thunder mutters in the distance; it comes nearer; the storm breaks.

"At length the storm was straight overhead. . . . It played about the shapes of the doctors, who in the midst of it looked like devils in an inferno. It crept onward toward the station of the Cross, but [can the reader doubt the end?] *it never reached it.*"

Meanwhile the poor savages are being played the very deuce with.

"Of the twenty and one, eleven were dead, four paralysed by shock, five were flying in their terror, and one, Hokosa himself, stood staring at the fallen, a very picture of despair."

And so at last some forty or fifty thousand savages are converted into devout Christians of the end of the nineteenth century; and Rider Haggard complacently concludes that "thus through the power of faith, that now, as of old, is the only true and efficient magic, was accomplished the mission of the saint, Thomas Owen, to the Sons of Fire."

That this tale is, as its author declares, in the dedication, a "tale of faith triumphant over savagery and death" is apparent. That it is not a tale triumphant over the minds of modern readers admits of no less doubt.

But aside from the mock and maudlin sentiment which this book expounds, in regarding Christianity as a religion of mere marvels, and making its triumphs mere frauds of supernatural legerdemain, and in describing its ideal exponent as "the Wizard"—aside from all this (for, after all, Rider Haggard is not a bishop of Central Africa) the tale itself, as a narrative of adventure, is quite as sad a failure as it is in what must be regarded as its religious aims (for the author evidently means to be serious) by the very obviousness with which every incident is directed toward this absurd effort to prove that the promise uttered still holds good.

Whether or not savages are such poor, easily-to-be-fooled creatures as they are made out to be in *The Wizard* we neither know nor care. But to make their credulity a means of proving the power of Christianity is an argument as fatuous as it is uncalled for. Certainly the mis-

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sionary did succeed in converting the savages in this tale. But we all know that the missionary was a sham missionary, the savages sham savages, the thunder and lightning the rattle of tin sheets and flash of limelight behind painted scenery, and the faith that the sham missionary taught a sham Christianity. In *She* we knew equally well that the savages and the scenery were mere imitations. There, finding what we sought — entertainment — we did not care; for a good melodrama justifies itself. But when the melodrama is a sham plea for a misrepresented faith, such as *The Wizard* is, we are compelled to believe one of three things, either Rider Haggard regards us as savages, or regards us as sham, or is himself a sham. And if the reader must choose which it shall be, can he hesitate?

J. N. Rosenberg.

A HISTORY OF LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES.*

Since the publication in the *Century Magazine* six or eight years ago of the studies by Dr. Eggleston of the domestic life of the American colonists, we have had the promise from him of a fuller history of the early settlements and colonial life. Yet this new volume, *The Beginners of a Nation*, does not exactly follow out the expected lines; it is at once more profound and more generalising in its tone; more a study of character than of manners; in fact, the author terms it the history of the dynamics of colony-planting. It is the first printed result of sixteen years of toilsome research at home and abroad on the culture history of the United States. As the magnitude of the chosen task became apparent, the author began to fear for his completed work, lest, as felicitously expressed by Sir Walter Raleigh, "the darkness of age and death would have covered over both it and me before the performance." Hence the advance publication of this single volume.

The book bears somewhat the aspect of a text-book, with its old-time side-hints, or suggestions, printed in smaller type, alongside each page. Its division into numbered paragraphs, usually a page or so in length, adds to that effect and not to its apparent narrative sequence. At the end of each chapter are a few notes termed "elucidations," in the form of quotations, explanations, etc., which are, as notes usually are, most interesting.

The grotesque and misleading glimpses that Europe got of the New World through the "lying license of travellers," while the mist of ignorance still dimly enveloped the distant shores and the glitter of the fabulous gold of Ind still blinded all eyes, are strikingly suggested in the opening chapter; and the career of that romantic, ready-witted, paradoxical braggart, Captain John Smith, never was limned by a more skilful hand. The procession of motives which caused the planting—and the sorrows—of the Virginia colony, is brilliantly aligned. The rivalry with Spain was ever present and aided the three strongest motives that feverishly and blindly spurred on the colony-planting—cupidity, patriotism, and religious zeal, that dominant concern of the seventeenth century. A desire to share the wealth of "the mines," to add glory and domain to England, and to rival the Catholic Church in the conversion of the heathen, acted as compelling and, especially, as distributing forces.

The delusive endeavours toward colony development of the ignorant and indolent Virginia settlers were most pitiable. Of these the silkworm fever died the slowest death; for its fate lay in adverse economic conditions, and a lesson in economic principles is slow and hard for men to learn. Silk grass, the vine, "orenges, limmons, and almonds" were vaunted, and many other pleasant plants and fruits were to be laboriously and slowly cultivated; while savage war, and famine, and pestilence sorely and constantly imperilled the life of the vine and lemon growers. The production of naval stores, of glass, and wrought iron, also came to naught; while through tobacco, regarded as an evil, and denounced by the Parliament and the King, came the colony's salvation, its great wealth, and in course of time also the hopeless commercial entanglement of its citizens. For the dull weed gave neither shelter, food, nor raiment;

* The Beginners of a Nation. By Edward Eggleston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

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it was sown with bitter toil, and watered with human sweat, and gathered with anxious fear, only to be sold in ruthless ruin, while the prodigal gains were squandered by borrowing ere they were received. The pitiful record of improvidence and extravagance had an early and bitter chronicler in the Sot-Weed Factor. It was but one of Virginia's many and long disregards of the law that the early crops of all colonists should be food products.

It is difficult for any one who is fully familiar with the sources and details of the earliest history of the English colonies to judge whether this book would wholly satisfy or enlighten the thoughtful learner. Perhaps, like some clever professors, Dr. Eggleston assumes that his class of scholar-readers know more than they really do, and at times leaves them unenlightened. Fully and brilliantly pictured in parts, some aspects of these "beginners" seem meagrely touched, notably in the chapters entitled "The Great Puritan Exodus," and "New England's Dispersions" (and to an extent in "The Prophet of Religious Freedom"). That no adequate or impressive portrait is given of Roger Williams or Anne Hutchinson, or of any of the Puritan leaders, and no telling account of the Connecticut and Rhode Island migrations, must be felt by every reader. Perhaps literary considerations have had much weight in these cases. Bradford alone with his "quaintly vivid expression in writing" is brightly drawn. The expressive phrase applied to Roger Williams—"bedevilled by a trivial scrupulosity"—is weakened by the incessant and monotonous employment throughout the chapter of the words scruple, scrupulous, and scrupulosity. "The age was in love with scrupulosity." "Williams was never disentangled from scrupulosity." "Enthralled by the scrupulosity of his time." "The region of petty scrupulosity." "Many of his scruples were peculiar, but his scrupulosity was not," until the word "scrupulosity" seems to lose its wonted meaning through repetition, and appears like a disease or monstrosity peculiar to Williams.

It is not like Mr. Eggleston to employ the "medium of the underlanguaged" as Mr. Brownell terms a scant vocabulary, for he is usually felicitous and varied in his choice of words. Indeed, this very work affords many examples of terse, curt phrases that are almost apothegms.

This book is but a first volume, and the three less satisfactory chapters end it. The second volume may fill out the somewhat imperfect outlines of New England's story. This must be said even of these chapters; their spirit of judgment is calm and dispassionate; they are true as far as they go; there is no idealisation, ancestor-worship of either Pilgrim or Puritan—nor are there jibes and sneers.

When we note this justice, this clarity of statement, this painstaking adjustment of values, we see that the historian should have above all else the qualification shown by Dr. Eggleston and thus named by Sir Thomas Browne: "Sure a great deal of *conscience* goes into the writing of a history."

MATINS.*

It is not always that a young poet makes so distinct an achievement with a first venture as Mr. Francis Sherman does in his *Matins*. It has not perhaps those qualities of obvious thought and extremely simple fancy which insure an instant popularity; but it has certainly the marks of pondered beauty which reveal the inward eye and a deep brooding on nature. Its faults are all the faults of the mystical poetic temperament; its merits are those of the slow and intimate dweller among the hills of dream. And it is the peculiar honour of the book that while it shows traces—too obvious traces—of the pre-Raphaelite school of writers, it still possesses an individual note, a strain of voice, faltering and not always sure, yet fresh and refined and lovable and unaffected.

It is easy to make a rough division of our poets and interpreters into two classes: those who seem to fill and possess this body of the senses to overflowing, so that they are constantly drawn to outward aspects of things; and those who seem rather to pass somewhat furtively and shyly through life, occupied with their own thought, and touching

* Matins. By Francis Sherman. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

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the material universe with no very great assurance of its reality. Of the former class Mr. Kipling is a good instance, with his splendid and glorified realism, his delight in things as they are, and his entire disregard of those vexing doubts which beset the saint and the philosopher. In the latter class one places the mystic Rossetti, the dreamer Morris, the seer Emerson. To these men life was one great interrogation. The answer to one question only suggested another behind it, more subtile and more unanswerable still. They were always awaiting the opening of the door, the lifting of the veil. The here and the now could not wholly suffice them. And is it too much to say that the youth of a consecutive philosophy is inconsequent dream? At least in this little book of *Matins* there is the introspective spirit and the meditation of a personality undissipated by the distractions of the world.

Mr. Francis Sherman is a member of that cult of recent neo-paganism which is indeed pagan in name, but hardly more than half pagan at heart—a cult which has for its excuse the decay of orthodoxy, and for its aim the preservation of religion. The very title, *Matins*, is in itself an index of the religious character of these tender, meditative lyrics of nature, with their unhurried, their infinitely unhurried, utterance, and their aspirations untarnished by the wisdom of the world. You may read them from end to end and never guess the aspect of this nineteenth century from any description of theirs. Only their accent, the accent at times of *The House of Life*, or *The Earthly Paradise*, gives any hint of their place in the vast library of English letters.

But what I think most remarkable in the book is, not so much any single poem, as an evident tone in them all, charming and cultivated and individual; so that one leaps at once to the glad surmise: Here is a man of whom we may expect good tidings; here is another artist who is heeding his own revelation. That unhastening lyric "A November Vigil" has something of Rossetti's manner in "The Bride's Prelude"; and there are several other poems which recall "the idle singer of an empty day." But there are poems, too, which have a new word of the woods and streams and hills where they were born, and these to my ear are the more lovely and attractive. I like the tone of the lines:

> "Across the sky the cloud swung still,
> And pressed the moon down heavily
> Where leafless trees grew on the hill.
>
> "The pale moon now was very thin,
> There was no water near the place,
> Else would the moon that slept therein
> Have frightened her with its gray face."

And yet the tone is not new. That accent is Rossetti's, beautiful and full of charm as it is.

I like even better the accent in the lines

> "Beneath the ice the shoulders of the tide
> Lift, and from shore to shore a thin blue crack
> Starts, and the dark, long-hidden water gleams,"

because here Mr. Sherman has his eye on the objects he knows; he is speaking of things unfamiliar to English poetry; the traditions of treatment and execution fail him, and he is cast back on his native resources. I like, too, the simplicity of the whole poem "The Path." It has something of Browning's directness and force.

Matins is, in short, the most notable first volume of verse of the past year, I should say; and while it is notable for its beautiful lines and stanzas, it is more notable still for the unwritten beauties between them—the beauties, I mean, which Mr. Sherman must have stored away in that fancy of his, memories of the lovely country which gave him birth, haunting impressions of the northern valley where the blue St. John goes down between the dark-dressed hills through its iron gate into the Fundy tide. There he has seen the great tent-fold of winter shut down in silent gloom; heard the bursting thunder of the ice in spring; been made, I dare say, almost to laugh aloud with gladness at the first returning robin's vesper song; and idled down the shallows of many a pellucid stream, in the sultry shade of alder and of ash.

Ah, perhaps it needs a few years of exile among the stifled cliff-dwellers in the roaring cañons we have reared to our glory, and have called in pride the centres of our civilisation, fully to appreciate the golden air of that idyllic land.

Bliss Carman.

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SISTER JANE.*

"Sister Jane" herself, it may be said at once, is a distinct and delightful addition to that select company in books who have the vitality to escape from the printed page and live in the memory of the reader.

"So far as Sister Jane was concerned, the whole village knew of her peculiarities, her strong will, her firm opinions, and the sharp flavour she conveyed into the most ordinary discussions; the whole village knew of these, but only a few knew how thin and frail a partition stood fluttering between the shrewd tongue and the tender heart. None knew as I knew—none would know."

And yet, several came to know, especially one woman, and she was a sinner.

As the story progresses it becomes clear that Sister Jane is the central figure about whom the other characters are grouped, and that her little house is the principal scene for the action of the plot. When Mandy Satterlee is sheltered there the place becomes a magnet for the attracting of Jiney Meadows, whose strange peculiarities are drawn with much delicacy and strength. Mrs. Beshears and her two demented old sisters are especially quaint and pathetic; while William Wornum himself, who tells the story, cannot hide behind his mask of shyness the quiet strength and geniality which win us to him.

Mr. Harris, in commenting on his own work in this book, says:

"The knack of narration belongs to the gifted few. . . . With me, all is lacking. When the impressive moment arrives the apt and trenchant word eludes me. The sparkling phrase, the vivid grouping, and illumination that flashes the whole scene upon the mind are wanting."

Now if there be one gift which Mr. Harris possesses supremely, it is just that "knack of narration," which he disclaims. In the introduction to the new edition of his first "Uncle Remus" book, Mr. Harris, in speaking of the sustained popularity of these folk-lore tales, says:

"Such a survival might almost be said to be due to a tiny sluice of green sap under the gray bark. Where it lies in the matter of this book, or what its source is more of a mystery to my middle age than it was to my prime."

In that "sluice of green sap" lies the secret springs which keep the work of the author of *Uncle Remus* ever fresh and pleasing, and its vitality is strengthened by a simple sincerity and quiet honesty of purpose. To a writer who is endowed with these qualities we may easily forgive any lack of "sparkling phrase" and "vivid grouping." As to that, Sidney Lanier has said, "Art has no enemy so unrelenting as cleverness," and we can afford to miss it in *Sister Jane*, when so much smart, flashy writing runs riot, nowadays, over every news-stand and through every railway train.

The weakness which mars *Sister Jane* throughout is neither the lack of effective narration nor the welcome absence of smart writing; it is a weakness of construction. Books, like houses, demand in their construction architectural skill. When this is wanting, the general plan, however good of itself, cannot be carried out with due regard either to utility for service or to symmetry for effect; the plot cannot be worked out with truth to life or with due regard to the demands of art. In *Sister Jane* the whole story of the finding and return of the lost child is deplorably unconvincing. Would a lad, especially one who, during his absence, had been well cared for and tenderly reared, change so radically between the years of five and ten that not even his own mother and sister, though constantly with him, should note some hint of the truth in voice or look or manner? It is incredible. Even when the boy's identity is revealed the parents express no surprise at their failure to perceive it for themselves, experience no flashing illumination of mind, express no wonder at so strange a blindness.

The attempt Mrs. Bullard makes to elope with her old-time friend falls yet further short of realistic effect. Women do not usually call to bid their friends farewell while the man they would elope with waits without in his buggy and the husband may appear at any moment. The whole scene is strangely fantastic, and the actors in it are mere puppets.

Again, does Mr. Harris really suppose that women go astray for the reason given by Mandy?

"'I wanted somethin' I could call mine—somethin' that'd be my own—somethin' that nobody on the wide earth would dast to claim. Here it is!' She stepped swiftly to the sofa

* Sister Jane. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

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and kissed her child. . . . Oh, the passion of motherhood !"

A strange error truly ! A peculiar illustration of the way in which a writer's heated imagination may carry him far afield when he fails to bathe its product in the cool, still waters of reflection. These are violations of truthfulness to life. The marriage of Mandy is a violation of artistic effect ; so also the too happy and complete consummation of the story.

Mr. Harris is far and away at his best when he lets his characters speak for themselves. If in tragedy his creations appear fantastic, and his situations are unnatural, on the other hand, we recognise the surety of touch and the appeal to life in the quiet, unforced humour and simple human qualities that appear in the work which is done in the ordinary daylight of action. And that is a great test. It is when Mr. Harris goes beyond this and attempts a more ambitious part in fiction that he oversteps the bounds which nature and art have set him. "Uncle Remus" may well rest his fame on the distinguished rôle which he has proved he can best play in the literature of our country.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

NOVEL NOTES.

SONNY. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York : The Century Co. $1.00.

SOLOMON CROW'S CHRISTMAS POCKETS. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York : Harper & Bros. $1.25.

STORIES OF A SANCTIFIED TOWN. By Lucy S. Furman. New York : The Century Co. $1.25.

THE REAL ISSUE. By William Allen White. Chicago : Way & Williams. $1.25.

MEG McINTYRE'S RAFFLE. By Alvan S. Sanborn. Boston : Copeland & Day. $1.25.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS. By Graham Travers. New York : D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

One of the most marked features of the current literary movement is the unusually large number of volumes of short stories. Among these two collections by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart make appeal for first attention. Both are composed of studies of the Arkansas environment, and of the wider, mellower world spread on the opposite side of the Father of Waters, which the author has made her *milieu*, and of which she writes with such exquisite tenderness and delicious humour. The sketches collected under the title *Sonny* made the reader laugh with a swelling heart when they appeared in the *Century*, and the effect of the whole is still stronger in book-form. The story of the life of an Arkansas boy, from his birth to his marriage, is told in the quaint language of his farmer father, yet it strikes the note of the universal. In *Solomon Crow's Christmas* there is no connecting link binding the stories together as in the smaller volume, and several of the sketches, as in the case of "Little Mother Quackalina," are of a juvenile character. But the atmosphere is the same that has always enveloped Mrs. Stuart's work, and there is the same pervading sweetness of spirit and the same delicate humour always wavering on the narrow border between laughter and tears.

The work of Miss Furman also is rich in humour, and is a similar interpretation of certain phases of Southern life ; and it may not be a digression to comment upon the fact that the month's output of books emphasises anew the rapid development of literary power in the South and West. Miss Furman, who is among the most recent and the youngest of the group, is a native of Kentucky, although she has lived for several years in Indiana, and is thoroughly familiar with the types and the scenes reproduced in these studies of "a sanctified town."

"Over the people of this small town, a few years since, swept a strong wave of religious enthusiasm, baptising them with a strange and new experience, redeeming their lives from the commonplace and the monotonous. This experience they have named 'sanctification ;' believing that the Holy Spirit enters into and fills their hearts, leaving no room for any evil to abide. And if to some persons this faith seems objectionable, be it said that the best answer is the daily life of many who profess it. The Bible is their one book, newspaper, fashion-plate, almanac, and guide in all matters of soul and body. They know it from lid to lid ; and if at times they dwell rather upon the letter than upon the spirit of its teachings, it is a fault of mind and not of heart."

Miss Furman has touched this sensitive subject with complete reverence, and yet with considerable humour. But her humour has not the sweetness which carries Mrs. Stuart's fun straight home to the heart, nor that appreciation of beauty as an element of literary art which is one of the highest tests. The only touch of beauty reveals itself in "The Floating Bethel," and slight as it is, it lifts the story above the others. But, as has been said, the author is young, and as she advances in life and in art, a fuller appreciation of this mint and anise and cummin will perhaps not be long neglected for the weightier matter already so fully at her command.

It is this same absence of beauty which is the principal blemish of the work of Mr. William Allen White, and which may have been one of the causes of the early passing of that extraordinary novel, *The Story of a Country Town*, published about ten years ago. There is a certain resemblance between Mr. Howe's story and Mr. White's which does not lie wholly in the similarity of environment and of types. Both are written by newspaper men, both are distinctly journalistic in style, and both deal

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almost exclusively with the gloomiest aspects of a phase of Western life which must be sombre enough from any point of view. Both are evidently written with such profound feeling of the desolation and isolation of life on the edge of the great American desert, as to effect a vivid realisation of the almost unimaginable conditions of such an existence. The various sketches composing Mr. White's book are all of this atmosphere, although the touches of alleviating humour are scarcely so dry and grim as the fun to be found in *The Story of a Country Town*. One of the tales, "The Story of Aqua-Pura," is terrible in its intensity. It describes the daily life of an old man left with five companions, the sole inhabitants of a deserted boom town in the throes of the drouth.

"It was his habit to sit on the front porch of the deserted hotel and look across the prairies to the southwest and watch the breaking clouds scatter into the blue of twilight. He could see the empty water-tower silhouetted against the sky. The frame buildings that rose in the boom days had all been moved away, the line of the horizon was guarded at regular intervals by the iron hydrants far out on the prairie, that stood like sentinels hemming in the past. The dying wind seethed through the short brown grass. Heat lightning winked devilishly in the distance, and the dissolving clouds that gathered every afternoon laughed in derisive thunder at the hopes of the worn old man sitting on the warped boards of the hotel porch. There had been a time when he was too poor to go to the East, where his name was a byword. Now he was too poor in purse and in spirit. . . . Day after day he put on his overcoat in winter and made the rounds of the vacant buildings. He walked up and down in the little paths, through the brown weeds in the deserted streets all day long, talking to himself. At night, when the prairie wind rattled through the empty building, blowing sand and snow down the halls, and in little drifts on the broken stairs, the old man's lamp was seen by straggling travellers burning far into the night.

"'If it would only rain!' he said over and over, and the only child left alive in the burning desert would say in reply: 'If it would only rain! What *is* rain?'"

One wishes the author had made a fuller presentation of the life and the feeling of the little girl, since to have done so must have given the work the gentleness and beauty that it lacks. And yet, notwithstanding its gloom, its harshness, and its journalistic style, Mr. White's book is notable—more notable than many brighter and better written books, and leaves an eager desire to see his next work.

The stories of Mr. Sanborn are the opposite of Mr. White's in every respect, except the lack of style. This drawback, however, is not so noticeable, as the work is largely in dialect. The first two are given up to rollicking humour of the horseplay variety, and may possibly find appreciative readers, since tastes differ so widely. A fight between two Irish women is one of the leading features of "Mrs. Molony's Revenge," and the lady herself is the narrator:

"Wid a prhayer to the saint av me christnin' on me bhurrstin' lips, I let her have ut again; an' all to wanst, I niver know how, I found meself wid me two eager fishts clinched in Mrs. Mulligan's hell-rhid shnakes av hair, an' she yellin' bhloody murdher worse nor a looney in a shtraight jacket, wid her dhirty claws in me own hair—bad luck to me haste!—an' the iligant rhoses av me Sunday bonnet all smashed to pink poolp."

But it seems unnecessary to say more about these stories, for while it is true that they are not all of this type, nor all in Irish dialect, the manner and the literary quality are about the same throughout the volume, even when the theme, as in "Molly and Giuseppe," is the murder of her children by the woman; and the vulgarity of the spirit of the work is, perhaps, most sharply accentuated in the excursion into the burlesque of the classic entitled "Baucis and Philemon."

Nor would it appear worth while to make more than a passing mention of *Fellow Travellers*, were the book not a recent and striking example of the different estimation in which stories are held in England and in America. An American who examines fiction critically would never have given a second glance at this collection, having learned by experience that one need not eat a whole loaf to know that the cake is sad. But here comes a no less eminent authority than the London *Spectator* praising Miss Travers's work without reserve, and the London *Chronicle* saying:

"Miss Travers interests us in her characters directly she shows them to us; the interest enhances all through, and the curtain drops before we are in the least danger of being bored by them. . . . Her literary style has improved, her psychological insight has sharpened."

There seems no room for appeal from such a decision from such autocratic sources, and the American reviewer turns over the pages of *Fellow Travellers* in a good deal of perplexity, feeling that this cannot possibly be the work spoken of. The chief characteristic of the first story is a jingle of threadbare quotations. "The Knight and the Lady" deals in the stereotyped way with brave men and fair women. "The Story of a Friendship" exploits a provincial's opinion of Wagner's operas in an entirely unimportant way. "After Many Days" fails to arrive after much aimless wandering. "A Great Gulf" is an ineffectual, childish feint at the unfathomable, suggesting the duck serenely afloat on the surface of the ocean utterly unconscious of the depths beneath.

PHROSO. By Anthony Hope. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.75.

It is hardly fair, perhaps, to take the illustrations into account when considering a work of fiction; yet it is not easy to leave them out when they are as many and as remarkable as in this new novel of Mr. Hope's. The eccentricities of drawing need not be pointed out, but the male petticoat of the Greek national costume is made so distinctively the central feature of the artist's designs that it cannot be ignored; he would probably feel that his work had failed if it were not regarded with attention. Concerning his model, the average reader can only surmise that it may have been a ballet-dancer's skirt of antique Italian pattern. The first picture in which it figures is absurd, the last is ludicrous, and the one which portrays the fall of the villain over a precipice—going straight down with his arms at his side and his petticoat spread like a parachute—travesties tragedy.

For the story itself there can be nothing but praise. It is true that it can scarcely be called literature, as doubtless no one knows better than the author. A writer who leaves off such work as *Half a Hero* and takes a royal road to fortune, if not to fame, with *The Prisoner of Zenda*, must be conscious of the change of method. But the work is quite as fine in its different way as if it were of much finer literary

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quality, and far more interesting than many a better written story. Too many books are worn thin by overuse of literature's tools, too few are endowed with the vitality that makes this tale vividly alive. From beginning to end it moves with a breathless rush. The plot is the purchase by an English nobleman of an isolated island inhabited by semi-civilised Greeks who have a confirmed habit of killing any man who buys the island. They kill the old lord who sells it, and who dies just as the new owner arrives, so that the story opens with murder, to be followed by attempted assassination, all leading to blood and adventures galore.

The narrator is the Englishman, a young and handsome man; and one of the two leaders of the mutinous islanders is a beautiful Greek girl, "Phroso," the Lady Euphrosyne. She makes her appearance before the usurper wearing boy's clothes, the pretty masquerade which has so long and so often appealed in fiction; and neither Joan in armour nor Rosalind in doublet and hose was more bewitching than the lady of the island. Her disguise seems to have been less transparent than usual, owing probably to the ubiquitousness of the demi-semi-petticoat, but her identity is finally disclosed. She is the young Englishman's prisoner and makes desperate efforts to escape, attempting to stab him in one of these struggles for freedom. Yet notwithstanding, they fall in love with each other, the glance of her bright eyes touching the heart which her dagger failed to reach; so that a charming love story runs through the ceaseless storm of adventure. As to these adventures, no adequate idea can be given, since one rushes upon the heels of another in breathless succession from cover to cover. Besides the perpetual fighting between the Englishman and his friends and the islanders, who are determined to kill them if they can't drive them away, there are plots within plots. The villain of the story schemes to murder his wife in order that he may marry Lady Euphrosyne, and makes many harrowing though unsuccessful attempts to carry out his design. Infuriated by jealousy of the Englishman, the Greek villain accuses him of having killed the old lord, which leads to one of the most dramatic scenes of the story:

"My last champion was disarmed; he had but protracted the bitterness of death for me by his gallant attempt. I fixed my eyes steadily on the horizon, and waited. The time of my waiting must have been infinitesimal, yet I seemed to wait some little while. Then Demetri's great sword flashed suddenly between me and the sky. But it did not fall. Another flash came—the flash of white darting across between me and the grim figure of my assailant. And Phroso, pale, breathless, trembling in every limb, yet holding her head bravely, and with anger gleaming in her dark eyes, cried:

"'If you kill him, you must kill me; I will not live if he dies!'"

This occurs about midway in the story, yet the tension does not slacken, and there is no fall from the grand opera pitch up to the very end. And, although there are closing signs of peace and happiness, a secret spring which threatens to reveal an awful secret is touched in the concluding paragraph. So that, take it all in all, *Phroso* is likely to be read with more avidity than any other of the author's stirring stories since *The Prisoner of Zenda* took us all captive

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Readers who know the work of Sarah Orne Jewett open a new book written by her with that same sense of quiet delight and gratification which possesses the connoisseur who examines a delicate bit of painting wherein the subdued, exquisitely shaded tints blend into an effect—true not only to that in nature which all may see, but also to that something else which only an artist can divine and reveal.

Nor will such readers be disappointed in *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. As in all of Miss Jewett's writing, the touches are delicate rather than striking, and the tone is subdued and quiet, admitting of no white lights or black shadows. But the work is very fine and very true. *The Country of the Pointed Firs* is a story of wholesome, simple, rural life, with the breath of the sea for tonic and the sunshine of summer for warmth. The picturesque delineation of character, the writer's close contact with nature, and her appreciative insight, all contribute a reality and charm to the book which are very convincing. Miss Jewett, one is persuaded, spent a summer at Dunnet Landing, lodging with Mrs. Todd. Any one might recognise the house, with its herb garden and its large-bodied, large-minded mistress. She is full of quaint wisdom, and knows something of human nature. "There's more women likes to be loved than there is of those that loves," she says, and her own life's story taught her the truth. Of an entertaining visitor she remarks, "She may not be considerate, but she's dreadful good company;" and who does not recognise the truth and beauty of this bit of imagery?

"There's sometimes a good hearty tree growin' right out of the bare rock, out o' some crack that just holds the roots; . . . you lay your ear down to the ground, an' you'll hear a little stream runnin'. Every such tree has got its own livin' spring; there's folks made to match 'em."

Truly "Mrs. Todd's wisdom was an intimation of truth itself. She might belong to any age, like an idyl of Theocritus."

Mrs. Todd's mother, who lives out on Green Island, moves in a luminous atmosphere of lovingkindness, into which it is a privilege to enter. The day's visit with her on Green Island is a treat that readers will enjoy. Captain Littlepage is very entertaining, and the vague mystery which clings about his personality is not cleared away at the end of the book, which is a great merit. Poor Joanna, who retired to her desert island because of an unhappy love affair, occupies more space than we should be willing to yield her, were it not that Mrs. Todd, with the help of her entertaining visitor, tells the story. They sketch in side characters with a very happy touch, especially that of the minister who paid a duty visit to poor Joanna.

"'Well, there's a difference in gifts. Mr. Dimmick was not without light.'

"'T was the light of the moon, then,' snapped Mrs. Fosdick.

"He seemed to know no remedies, but he had a great use of words."

When Mrs. Todd's summer lodger sails away from Dunnet Landing the little volume comes to its quiet ending, leaving the impression that, suggestive and delightful as such books are,

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they cannot, save in rare instances, leave any deep impression. Miss Jewett possesses the artistic power, the knowledge, and the self-control to venture more. These delicate sketches of life hold the same place in literature as do their counterparts in painting, but no artist can rest an enduring popularity on such trifles light as air.

THE SCARLET COAT. By Clinton Ross. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

THE PUPPET. By Clinton Ross. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

Up to the appearance of these two books, almost simultaneously, there had been a long silence upon the part of the author, which is well accounted for by the quality of the work. The evident care and deliberation with which it has been done are in marked contrast with the carelessness and haste of the current literary movement. There can be no doubt that Mr. Ross has studied the makers of literature as closely and as profitably as he has studied the makers of history, and that the composure, clearness, and simplicity of his style are partly, and perhaps mainly the result of this study of the masters. And yet, on the other hand, it might be urged that this attention to style has been too exclusive, strange as such an objection may sound in these rushing literary days. It may be complained that too much of the substance of the work has been chiselled away, and that, especially in the case of *The Scarlet Coat*, overmuch polishing has thrown the action of the story too far in the perspective, so that those great historical personages who figured at the siege of Yorktown, and the momentous scenes of which they were the centre, flit across the pages of the book as the pictures of a kinetoscope are unrolled on the screen. This effect, although perceptible, is not so marked in *The Puppet*, by reason, perhaps, of the less material nature of the story—a romance of marvellous adventure, beginning in New York and ending in Rome, and which might have been fittingly situated "in the unmapped land of the imagination." In each of the books the slender thread of a love-story connects much that is admirable in historical and geographical description with an attractive tendency toward philosophic generalisation.

"'What is that air?' asks the Royalist sweetheart of the rebel lover, as the drums beat at Cornwallis's surrender.

"'It's "The World Turned Upside Down,"' he answered.

"'Yes, the world is,' she said."

And the lover of the other story, having won the princess whom he has rescued from persecution, concludes that, after all, man is more than the puppet of destiny; that "the least of us, the weakest, the lowest, makes some impression on life, on the universe, like a little pebble, a ripple, perhaps, of imperceptible, inconsiderable smallness, but still a ripple in the great, the infinite sea."

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE PURITAN IN ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND. By Ezra Hoyt Byington. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $2.00.

The Puritan has always been a pioneer. It came to him to conquer forests in the beginning, to defend himself from savages, to found cities and churches and governments, and to die in the struggle for liberty, and with that persistence of being in character which is his birthright, there is a certain poetic fitness if not poetic justice in the fact that the Puritan is a pioneer now—that to this day, over his grave, he is fighting still. The fight has moved on from the musket and the red coat and the Indian to literature and theology and art, but the Puritan has returned. He claims the land. He becomes a settler again. He faces his sons. Whether he looks out over a more discouraging wilderness than he had before is a question that can only be decided by our final national acceptance of the Puritan spirit as the most essential and sublime element in our American life. Dr. Byington's book is to be welcomed as contributing to this end.

The effective prejudices concerning the Puritan character have been for the most part against him. He has lost ground in the popular mind because those who disliked him have been eloquent, and those who liked him have not. We are not without indications that the arts have spent their revenge upon the Puritan, that they are now returning to give him a setting which he never could have given himself, to render him a justice which they have been too narrow to render before. When the literary spirit which the Puritan opposed shall turn the second time upon its persecutor, it will be to make him forever glorious.

A book must come to a man with the authenticity of a few of his prejudices if it would seek to gain headway enough to drive him beyond the rest. To the conscious or unconscious recognition of this principle Dr. Byington will be indebted for the peculiar effectiveness of a volume which would seem at first sight, particularly to a connoisseur, to fall short of its opportunities. The facts are certainly familiar for the most part, and they have been presented in a more vital manner, but *The Puritan in England and New England* has the novel and marketable quality of being punctiliously fair—a quality which is interesting almost of itself when brought to bear upon a type of man who has surrounded himself with more imagination without having any than any type in history. While from the point of view of a literary and historical specialist Dr. Byington's book is open to the charge of having the spirit rather than the spiritedness of justice, those who are most familiar with the literature of the subject will be the first to welcome it as an excellent synthesis of appreciation and criticism—a serviceable and necessary book in the education of the people.

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THE COLONIAL PARSON OF NEW ENGLAND. By Frank Samuel Child. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.

OLD COLONY DAYS. By May Alden Ward. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.25.

This industrious and conscientious historian of the colonial parson characterises his work as "a picture," but he does not say, and possibly does not know, that the picture has been printed in detached sections, like a child's puzzle, and that it requires a good deal of ingenuity to fit the right body to the right head. It is not easy to tell without looking forward or turning back whether the character immediately under discussion be the New England parson or the Virginia clergyman. The whole book reads, indeed, much as if it had been printed directly from the author's notes, with little thought of sequence or continuity. And yet the work is valuable and even interesting in a jolting, jumping way. It reveals great research; it is rich in anecdote; it presents the colonial parson in every aspect by which he is known to history—as an agriculturist, as a politician, a preacher, a teacher, a writer, a scholar, a poet, a man, and, above all, as an ancestor. Certainly no fault can be found with the substance of the work; and if it be intended for a text-book, as its appearance would seem to indicate, and thus to be taken in small, broken doses, it will doubtless serve its purpose admirably.

Old Colony Days, lying along somewhat similar lines, comes after the other like asphalt after cobblestones. In a style of perfect ease and simplicity, its author also has much to say of the colonial parson, whom it would be difficult, indeed, to separate from any account of the beginnings of New England. He is not, however, here made the more important figure. It is to Governor William Bradford, "the father of American history," that the opening chapter is devoted, the Rev. Cotton Mather and his contemporary brethren of the cloth receiving a second place. Under the heading "An Old-time Magistrate" there is a charming portrayal of good Judge Samuel Sewall, a princely gossip, who did for America in the seventeenth century what Pepys did for England, and Saint Simon for France. Each of these men wrote down from day to day, apparently for his own use, the occurrences of the day, the details of the life about him; and each has given us an incomparable picture of the world in which he lived—a picture which no historian, biographer, poet, or painter could have equalled. And they have painted three widely differing worlds. Nothing could better illustrate the difference between the countries they represent than the pages of these old diaries of the seventeenth century. Judge Sewall seems to have been in the main a genial and tender-hearted man, yet he believed in witchcraft, and attended executions. The chapter on witchcraft will perhaps be generally regarded as the most interesting in the book. The author has evidently studied this outbreak of superstition in New England thoroughly, and gives in her brilliantly written account of it a more coherent story than most writers on the subject have been able to offer. In connection with this subject, also, the colonial parson figures conspicuously, and sometimes, it is pleasant to read, to the credit of his memory.

FOLK-SONGS AND PART-SONGS, with Preparatory Exercises for Choral Classes. By Frat. Damrosch. New York: G. Schirmer. 75 cts.

It is with much pleasure that we notice the publication of this book of Mr. Frank Damrosch, whose statement in his introduction deserves to be quoted:

"The chief difficulty met with by those who are active promoters and leaders of such choral societies, especially in the smaller towns and villages, is a lack of singers who are able to sing at sight. The slow process of teaching four-part songs by rote to such untrained material is discouraging both to the conductor and the singers. . . .

"It seems to be most desirable, therefore, that every possible opportunity should be offered to enable people who can sing a little, and who like to sing in chorus, to learn the simple art of singing at sight, which, if proper methods are employed, can be accomplished in a comparatively short time."

The purpose of the present publication is not to present a sight-singing method, although a conductor can readily employ it for that purpose, but to urge the necessity of sight-singing for permanently successful results, and to supplement a previous publication by Mr. Damrosch, entitled *A Popular Method of Sight-singing*, which develops by easy and rapid stages the habit of sight-singing.

There is, perhaps, no one who can speak with more authority or is better fitted to present this subject than Mr. Damrosch. His enthusiastic and inspiring work as a teacher and conductor, combined with his broad experience as the founder and leader of the Musical Art Society and the People's Classes, the phenomenal success of which in widely different fields of choral music are well known to the public, lends especial importance to any suggestions he may make in this field of work, and will be welcome alike to leaders and singers.

The book, as the title suggests, is composed of folk-songs, chiefly of German origin, and part-songs collected from the works of the best composers. A special feature, which commends itself to the reviewer, is the noticeable excellence of the English translations, a point too often neglected in works of this kind. Most of the translations were made by Miss Mary Say Lawrence, in whom Mr. Damrosch has a valuable collaborator.

THE CHILD, THE WISE MAN, AND THE DEVIL. By Coulson Kernahan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cts.

Mr. Heinemann has told us that the pulpit is the best advertising medium, and if this be true Mr. Coulson Kernahan has been fortunate beyond most of the writers of his day. His little books on religion have formed the text for many sermons. *God and the Ant* was discussed from half the pulpits of London, and wherever you go on Sundays you hear the praises of this companion volume. Mr. Kernahan must not on any account carry out the threat of his preface, to write no more books on religion. It is his special gift to stimulate the minds of Christian teachers, and although we may not agree with Dr. Horton that he is the Jean Paul Richter of England, there is no doubt that in this little volume he has given us work which deserves to live.

It is an old, a weary, and an atheistical world which gathers in St. Peter's at Rome, for the declared purpose of renouncing the world's Re-

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deemer. Busy excavators in Palestine have found in the rock-hewn sepulchre "the body of Him who declared that death had no dominion over Him." The description of this great international assembly, when monarchs and people turn away empty-hearted from an empty shrine, is the best piece of work that Mr. Kernahan has given us. No one can read these pages without emotion. But even better are the pictures of lonely hearts here and there in the world, when the Desire of all nations is withdrawn and there is nothing left to hope for. The dream of monotheism proves unsatisfying, and beneath the outward infidelity there rises constantly from wise and simple the prayer, "O think upon Thy congregation, which Thou hast purchased and redeemed of old." Preachers have been wise in making much of Mr. Kernahan. Their *métier* is his, but the best have something to learn from him.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE. Being a Record of Rambles in the Ancient Province of La Mancha. By August F. Jaccaci. Illustrated by Daniel Vierge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

An instant attraction to this book is found in the drawings of Vierge, which are scattered profusely through the text, and of which there must be about one hundred and fifty. And our interest in the vivid pictures of the land of La Mancha by this master draughtsman is enhanced when we learn that it was primarily for the purpose of giving Vierge the opportunities of gathering the documents from life and nature necessary for undertaking a series of illustrations to Cervantes's immortal romance that this itinerary was composed. The author had long felt that such a pictorial task should be the crowning achievement of Vierge's career. The book is really the natural outgrowth of a friendship between artist and author—the one a Spaniard, the other familiar from youth with Spain, and both lovers of those everlasting figures of romance, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. It is incredible how few changes have taken place in La Mancha and how easily identified are the landmarks of the good knight's wanderings in search of chivalrous deeds. The author's ambition to revive the remnants and voices of the past and to show how they form an essential part of the living present is admirably achieved, and his rambling notes have the ring of his keen delight and appreciation of active, open-air life in a rarely varied and picturesque region not yet trodden into beaten paths and honeycombed with the commonplaces of the tourist's notebook. As for the illustrations, Vierge has so faithfully followed in the footprints of Don Quixote, and while remaining scrupulously true to facts, has so endowed his pictures with his characteristic dramatic feeling, nervous charm, and artistic atmosphere, that they are likely to take an enduring place in the art of the subject. We have sometimes deplored the want of illustrations in Mr. Watts's beautiful edition of *Don Quixote* in four volumes, issued about a year ago, but *On the Trail of Don Quixote* may well fill this want and form a pictorial and elucidatory companion volume to that work. Whether through accident or design we notice, too, that the book is bound in the same style and with the same sumptuous elegance of taste.

MAKE-BELIEVE. By H. D. Lowry. Illustrated. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

Doris, the heroine of these stories and conversations, is a delightful little girl from one of the Cornish painters' colonies. Her talks and adventures with the grown-up Visitor are charmingly related; at least, readers of the Visitor's age will think so. But we would give all the prose for this carol which we have found in its midst.

"Lady Mary, in your bower,
Why weep ye sadly?
Tall and white your lilies flower,
All birds sing gladly.
Mary, Lady Mary,
What sorrow bear ye?

"'Tis the child that shall be born
(Foolish thou, who questioneth),
'Tis the crown of cruel thorn,
And the sure appointed death.

"Mary, Mother, left alone,
Why go ye gladly?
Wherefore make ye not your moan,
Weeping most sadly?
Mary, Mother Mary,
What comfort bear ye?"

Mr. Charles Robinson's illustrations are unsurpassable for fancy and grace of design.

THE FLOWER SELLER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Lady Lindsay. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The poems contained in this volume are marked by great delicacy of feeling and grace of expression, their chief defect being their lack of warmth and animation. They are probably to be regarded as the work of an unusually refined and cultivated amateur, who writes for the pleasure it gives her. One notes here, as in the verses of most women, one technical characteristic that shows the lack of a professional touch. This is the tendency to force into a single line, as unaccented syllables, words which are properly all accented, and therefore long in quantity. The last line of the following stanza is a good illustration:

"So take the flowers and wear them,
Treasure them close in your breast;
They had not sprung but for earthly soil;
They bloomed by God's own light blessed."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Another volume of the dainty edition of Daudet's works made by the Messrs. Dent has been issued here by the Macmillan Company—namely, *Sappho*, translated by Henry Frith with illustrations by Rossi, Myrbach, and other French artists. (Price, $1.00.) The same company has added *A Harlot's Progress*, in two volumes, to their edition of Balzac's novels, under the supervision of Mr. George Saintsbury. (Price, $1.50 per volume.) A new edition of Mr. Stopford Brooke's excellent handbook of *English Literature* has been in demand for some time, and is now published by the Macmillan Company. (Price, 90 cents.) This firm has begun the publication of a Temple Series of the old dramatists antedating and contemporaneous with Shakespeare, uniform with the Temple Shakespeare, which was recently completed. Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and

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Marlowe's *Edward the Second* inaugurate the series, edited with prefaces, notes, and glossaries under careful and capable scholarship. (Price, 45 cents per volume.)——*The Land of the Castanet* is a readable and entertaining collection of Spanish sketches, some of which appeared in *The Cosmopolitan*, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. There are several illustrations. The very naïve prefatory note disarms severe criticism, and prepares the reader for a refreshing series of papers on a theme which has the air of novelty and is far from the beaten track of travel. (H. S. Stone and Company. Price, $1.25.)——*Gold Stories of '49*, "by a Californian" (Copeland and Day, $1.00), is a series of picturesque narratives in blank verse of

> "the conquering of the mighty West,
> The peaceful battles of the timeless god!
> . . . the men who vanquished valiant wilds,
> The old Gold Finder's glory, and their fame,
> The heroes of the march Across the Plains,
> Whose dauntless souls and sinews shared the strong
> Exultant passion of the Pioneers."

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The *Monthly Bulletin* of the Providence Public Library has just completed its second volume. An elaborate index is issued, which makes the bibliographical lists and other matter contained in this publication of more than usual value.

The opening ceremonies of the Fisk Free and Public Library, in New Orleans, took place on January 18th. This is the institution which is to serve as a public library for New Orleans. Mr. William Beer, Librarian of the Howard Memorial Library, who has been acting as consulting librarian and general director of this new undertaking, was, on December 7th, formally elected as its librarian. He will continue to manage the two libraries, one of which will serve as the popular institution and the other as the more scholarly resort.

The Annual Report of the Minneapolis Public Library for the past year shows a gratifying increase in the growth and use of the institution. Its present extent is about 53,000 volumes, of which 8607 were added by purchase during the past year. There were issued for home use 559,053 volumes, an increase over last year of 8465. This is almost exactly twice the circulation of 1891. The Minneapolis Library contains also a Museum of Art, in which interesting and valuable additions are noted.

The sixth annual meeting of the Connecticut Library Association and the second union meeting of the Library Associations of the New England States was held at Hartford on Wednesday, February 3d. Among the features was an address by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, and papers by Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Public Library, Mr. Justin Winsor, Librarian of the Harvard University Library, and other prominent experts.

The Public Library at Helena, Mont., is active, and, in its desire to do good, has especially invited the members of the Legislature to use its resources. It employs the newspapers for its announcements, and it would appear that woman's suffrage is a burning question in that locality, as an extensive list of books on that subject is issued, presumably for the information of the legislators.

The Germans are continuing their work of rescuing the libraries of their scholars and writers from foreign barbarians, as noted in the last number of THE BOOKMAN. The library of Gustav Freytag has been presented to the City Library at Frankfort. It is a collection of something over 7000 numbers.

The University of Basel, Switzerland, and the other scientific institutions of that city, are rejoicing in a new library building recently opened. It will hold about 400,000 volumes, and is provided with the necessary reading and administration department. This building will form a home for the collections of various institutions and a centre for their work.

A special meeting of the American Library Association was held on Saturday, February 6th, in Hamilton Hall, Columbia University, New York City. Its purpose was to consider and authorise the reincorporation of the Association under the laws of the United States so that it may have its headquarters at Washington, and, if feasible, act as a visiting board from time to time for the Library of Congress. It has been thought that, with the opening of the new building for the National Library, a larger development of library interests, from Washington as a centre, might properly be inaugurated.

The American Library Association has issued its itinerary and general plan for the trip to Europe next summer. It is proposed to leave Boston on Saturday, June 26th, and to reach the same port again on August 22d. The itinerary is summarised as follows: "A week between Liverpool and London, allowing an opportunity to see some of the leading libraries before the Conference; the Conference; a post-conference trip with the L. A. U. K. and under their management; a free week which may be spent in London, in the country, or in a trip to Paris; and a two weeks' trip up the east coast, visiting the principal cathedral cities, and also some of the larger public libraries."

The last *Bulletin* of the Boston Public Library announces a number of important gifts, among which is a fund of $10,000, to be employed in acquiring rare editions of the writings of American and of foreign authors. This is to be known as the Longfellow Memorial Collection, and the fund was given by Miss Victorine Thomas Artz, of Chicago. From the estate of the late Charles Mead, a legacy of $2500 as a fund for the Library was received. Likewise the beginning of a collection of works by and relating to Walt Whitman has been given.

One of the interesting little libraries growing up in New York City is the Free Circulating Library of the Riverside Association on West Sixty-ninth Street, which was opened in 1894. It reports for the past year a circulation of nearly 16,000 volumes, or about ten times the number of volumes possessed by the Library.

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The New York Public Library has just issued its first *Bulletin*. This number contains chiefly announcements of the Library, the report of the Librarian, and similar matter.

The Library of the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., has received a most important addition in the library of the late Professor James Strong. This consists of 6027 bound volumes and 4500 pamphlets, including nearly 3000 university dissertations. Professor Strong was an ardent collector in several fields of biblical literature, and particularly of books and pamphlets on the Tabernacle and Temple of the Jews.

The extent to which library organisation is developing in this country is illustrated by the fact that a late number of the *Library Journal* contains reports of meetings and other proceedings from twenty-two State and municipal library associations. These local societies, thus far, confine themselves chiefly to discussions concerning library work or in agitation for desired library legislation.

The city of Brooklyn seems in earnest in its resolution to establish for itself a free public library before its identity shall be merged in the Greater New York. At the enthusiastic meeting of its Public Library Association recently, which was attended by a large number of influential citizens, speakers representing various interests urged most strongly the furtherance of the project. Mr. Andrew Carnegie was the honoured guest of the evening and was introduced as the man who had spent five million dollars in founding libraries. Mr. Carnegie traced the motive of his great benefactions to libraries to the fact that in his boyhood, while working as an apprentice, a loan to him by a benevolent friend of a few books was not only the means of radically shaping and ennobling his career, but, at the same time, inspired him with the purpose, if he ever acquired wealth, to make it possible for others to have the books that he found it so difficult to obtain.

Plans and contracts have been completed for a new library, music hall, and club house building, presented by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the citizens of Homestead, Pa. It is to cost $250,000.

Another interesting new library building, just completed and dedicated, is that at Pelham, N. H. This is erected by the town as a combined library and soldier's memorial. A useful structure like a library, with suitable tablets, seems to be a more deserving monument to the soldiers of the Civil War than the unhappy musketeer who has been set up on stone pedestals in so many of our small cities and towns.

The Wisconsin Historical Society reports accessions to its library for the past year of 5247 books and of nearly as many pamphlets. The new building, which is to hold all the treasures this enterprising society has gathered, is moving on steadily, and when completed will not only strengthen the Society and State University, but will make Madison, more than ever before, the centre of historical research in the Northwest.

New library buildings have been provided by bequest for Bangor, Me.; Ford City, Pa.; Linnwood, O.; while the town of Stoughton, Mass., is to receive $25,000 from the will of the late Henry L. Pierce, of Boston, for the purchase of books.

George H. Baker.

THE ROSE.

"*There are no roses in the wintertime.*"

A. L. S.

Is there a flower that blossoms but to die?
The buoyant rose, of our brief spring a part,
Lives with a youth eternal in the heart.
Forget we ever that fair blossom time?
The scent, the sound, the soft recurring rhyme
Of wind through rose boughs; of pale petals blown
Down still, green ways; of dark leaf-mysteries sown
By sunlight; of bird-notes that thrilled and throbbed?
Forget we ever the wild rain that sobbed
And drenched our late, last rose—our wan, wrecked rose?
Nay, in all weathers, in the sun or snows,
In song or odour, leaf, or sea, or sky,
It blooms—the deathless Rose of Memory!
There is no flower that blossoms but to die.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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THE BOOK MART.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1897.

Immediately after the holidays there is a noticeable change in the relative positions of the different classes of literature, as indicated by their sales. The cheap editions, illustrated holiday editions, and juveniles retire from the front ranks, while religious books, educational works, and miscellaneous literature take a more prominent place. Fiction, however, is not affected, remaining in the lead throughout the year.

With the opening of the year there are suggestions of the annual revival in the sales of paper-bound books, guide-books, and works on out-door subjects; but it is yet too early to give any definite statements as to the extent or character of the probable output.

January business includes a considerable call for the various helps on the Sunday-school lessons, Peloubet's *Select Notes on the International Lessons* being the most popular. *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, by Henry van Dyke, and *The Upper Room*, by Ian Maclaren, are other religious books at present in good demand.

Educational literature also becomes of interest, and in addition to the regular text-books we find such works as *The School System of Ontario*, by George W. Ross; *The Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play*, by Susan E. Blow, and *The Republic of Childhood*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith selling readily.

Library trade receives a decided impetus at this season, and the present year is proving no exception. The competition is sharp, and the numerous lists have to be priced low to secure orders. Fiction, as in general business, is the most prominent; but works of reference, general information, travel, etc., are noticeable.

The publications of the month have been few, the most popular being *Phroso*, by Anthony Hope; *Grip*, by John Strange Winter; *On Many Seas*, by F. H. Williams, and *On the Face of the Waters*, by Flora A. Steel. All of these are meeting with a good demand; and in addition may be included, in paper binding, *That Affair Next Door*, by Anna Katherine Green; *Don Balasco of Key West*, by Archibald Clavering Gunter; *Arrested*, by Esme Stuart, and *The Career of Candida*, by George Paston.

The more popular works of fiction during the autumn and holiday seasons still continue to sell readily, particularly *Kate Carnegie*, *Sentimental Tommy*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, *King Noanett*, and *Quo Vadis*. Also the books of Marie Corelli, John Kendrick Bangs, Frank R. Stockton, and Mark Twain.

In miscellaneous subjects, *Guesses at the Riddles of Existence*, by Goldwin Smith; *In and Beyond the Himalayas*, by S. J. Stone; *Angling*, in the Out-of-Door Library, and *George Washington*, by Woodrow Wilson, are selling well.

Business generally for the past month can only be classed as fair, the country trade being rather lighter in proportion than the city. This is due to the natural reaction after the Christmas rush, and because of the preparation for stock-taking in many instances, together with the lack of numerous new publications. However, as a number of prominent publications are announced for early issue, it is likely that there will be some increase in the volume of sales. The best selling books of the month, in their order of popularity, were:

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.25.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. $2.00.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

That Affair Next Door. By Anna Katherine Green. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Don Balasco of Key West. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Quo Vadis. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.

Under the Red Robe. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.

Checkers. By H. M. Blossom. $1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

The Gospel for an Age of Doubt. By Henry van Dyke. $1.75.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1897.

Business was only moderately good during January, which may have been due chiefly to the extremely cold weather which prevailed. Stock moved fairly well, and country trade was good. Orders were decidedly miscellaneous, this indicating that the new year found the dealer rather low in stock. As compared with the corresponding period last year, it is to be noticed that the demand did not differ to any particular extent, practically the same class of books being called for. The greatest measure of success was accorded to the latest fiction, and all of the past season's noteworthy books went very well.

It is scarcely safe to predict nowadays, but it certainly seems that spring business at its worst should be fair. Not a little will depend upon what the publishers have under way; and it would seem at present that spring publishing, especially the early part of it, will be decidedly meagre in its character; for, with the exception of two or three important works, nothing is an-

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nounced for which anything but an ordinary sale can be expected. This may, however, be amended later on.

As usual, January was a quiet month for new books, and scarcely anything worthy of special notice appeared. Mrs. Steel's new book *On the Face of the Waters* monopolised most of the interest, and is having quite a fair call. *Quo Vadis*, notwithstanding its extraordinary run during the holidays, appears to be growing in popular favour, and a large number, considering the period of the year, was sold last month. It will doubtless have a very large sale during the spring, as everybody is reading it or intends to read it.

Among the minor fads in literature, books of charades are taking a leading place, and the demand for some of them is very good. Bellamy's two books, *A Century of Charades* and *A Second Century of Charades*, are responsible for starting the fad, and they have since had many imitators, none of which, however, have been as successful as the two books named.

Some of the numerous popular manuals on parliamentary law attain enormous sales, which can be paralleled only by the most successful fiction. The best selling work of this kind in the West is Roberts's *Rules of Order*, which takes the greater part of the demand. The yearly sales of this work amount to over 15,000 copies, and they are increasing all the time. The next best sellers are Cushing's *Manual* and Reed's *Rules*. Shattuck's *Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law* also enjoys a large and increasing vogue.

The adjective "red" seems to have a peculiar attraction for novelists lately, judging from the frequency with which it appears on the title-pages of recent fiction. It would seem, too, that it is a lucky word to use, for, strangely enough, nearly all of the "red" books have been more than usually successful. For example, among last year's books, *The Reds of the Midi*, *The Red Spell*, *The Red Republic*, *The Red Cockade*, etc., all sold well, and this year starts with *On the Red Staircase*, which is meeting with a very fair measure of success.

An analysis of last month's sales shows that there was not much difference as regards popularity between *Kate Carnegie* and *Sentimental Tommy*. The sale of *Margaret Ogilvy* was perhaps more remarkable than all else, and the work is much in demand. *The Seven Seas* sold largely, and so did *The Seats of the Mighty*. *Menticulture* is still meeting with a heavy demand, and *King Noanett* is keeping its place in the front rank. The following books sold best last month, and it will be noticed that most of them appeared in the previous month's list:

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.25.
On the Red Staircase. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
Artie. By George Ade. $1.25.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
King Noanett. F. J. Stimson. $2.00.
Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25.
Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
Rodney Stone. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, 2 vols. $2 00.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Dec. 21, 1896, to Jan. 23, 1897.

The four days preceding Christmas were about the busiest ever known in the wholesale trade, which would mean the same for the retail. The weather was fine until Christmas eve, by which time the bulk of the retail business would be transacted. Trade has been very good since, and the slack time usually experienced with the advent of the New Year was delightfully absent. This statement is confirmed by the retailers. Foreign and colonial business has been good and steady.

What is being read? This question is best answered by stating what is being sold. The reply is six-shilling novels principally. The favourite is *On the Face of the Waters*, not one of its many competitors coming near it in public favour. The publication of new books and new editions has recommenced with vigour. Since Christmas, during one week, nearly 150 appeared. It requires considerable activity and system on the part of the bookseller to keep himself posted in the latest issues. Fortunately for him reliable lists are issued (one of them twice a week, in which no book is inserted until actually on sale), and by studying these he will not be at a loss for the information his customers need.

All books dealing with South Africa still claim attention, conspicuous among them being Selous's *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia*, which on the eve of the Jameson inquiry is not likely to show any abatement of sales.

The execution of orders for back parts of magazines occupies a considerable amount of time and labour on the part of the wholesale trade at this time of the year. What a large number of the millions of magazines issued in a year are torn or lost! The general opinion is that in this matter children and dogs are the friends of the bookseller. The production of new magazines continues merrily, each one endeavouring to outshine its rivals. But in their departments the *Woman at Home*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Quiver*, *Sunday at Home*, and other old favourites remain undisturbed.

The trade in diaries and almanacs has been brisk; it is always so as the year begins, the public suddenly discovering on the first of January that a fresh twelvemonth has commenced. Annuals of various kinds and diocesan calendars (always spelled "kalendars," by the bye) form a considerable item in the amount of business done. Hazell's *Annual* and Whitaker's *Almanac* sell in very large numbers.

Orders for Marie Corelli's new six shilling novel, entitled *Ziska*, to be published on February 15th, are coming in very freely. So far, nearly 40,000 copies have been bespoken by the trade.

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The announcement of a work by the Librarian of Windsor Castle, entitled *Queen Victoria*, has led to the trade applying for copies before the book is ready, to a degree that must be unprecedented.

Appended is a list of the best-selling books of the hour :

On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.
The Babe B.A. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.
The Devil Tree of El-Dorado. By J. Ackworth. 6s.
Three Girls in a Flat. By E. F. Heddle. 6s.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
An Anxious Moment. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
Joan Seaton. By M. Beaumont. 4s. 6d. net.
Tom Sawyer, Detective. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d.
Emma. By Jane Austen. (Illus. Standard Novels.) 3s. 6d.
Rich and Poor. By Mrs. B. Bosanquet. 3s. 6d. net.
Evil and Evolution. 3s. 6d.
The Clock of Nature. By H. Macmillan. 5s.
Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
Pioneers of Evolution. By E. Clodd. 5s. net.
Poems of Robert Browning. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 1, 1897, and February 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. True George Washington. By Ford. $2.00. (Lippincott.)
5. Principles of Sociology. vol. 3. By Spencer. $2.00. (Appleton.)
6. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. Quest of the Golden Girl. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (Lane.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50 (Holt.)
6. Forty-One Years in India. By Roberts. $12 00. (Longmans.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. One of the Visconti. By Brodhead. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
6. In Sight of the Goddess. By Davis. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Italy in the Nineteenth Century. By Latimer. $2.50. (McClurg & Co.)
5. Country of the Pointed Firs. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. Frances Waldeaux. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Artie. By Ade. $1.25. (Stone.)
5. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
6. Old Dorset. By Rogers. $1.25. (Putnam.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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4. On the Red Staircase. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Lucky Number. By Friedman. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Artie. By Ade. $1.25. (H. S. Stone.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)
4. Story of a Mine. By Shinn. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. A Child-World. By Riley. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Taquisara. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. That First Affair. By Mitchell. $1.25. (Scrbner.)
6. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Two Health Seekers in Southern California. By Beatrice Harraden and Dr. Edwards. $1.00. (Lippincott.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. A Rebellious Heroine. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Education of the Central Nervous System. By Halleck. $1.00. (Macmillan.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Our Jeames. By Henderson. $1.25. (Drysdale.)
2. Canada. By Bourinot. $1.50. (Putnam.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Cure of Souls. By Watson. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. London Idylls. By Dawson. $1.50. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. On the Face of the Waters. By Steele. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

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2. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. A Singular Life. By Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
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